VOL. CCXXI, No. 2889
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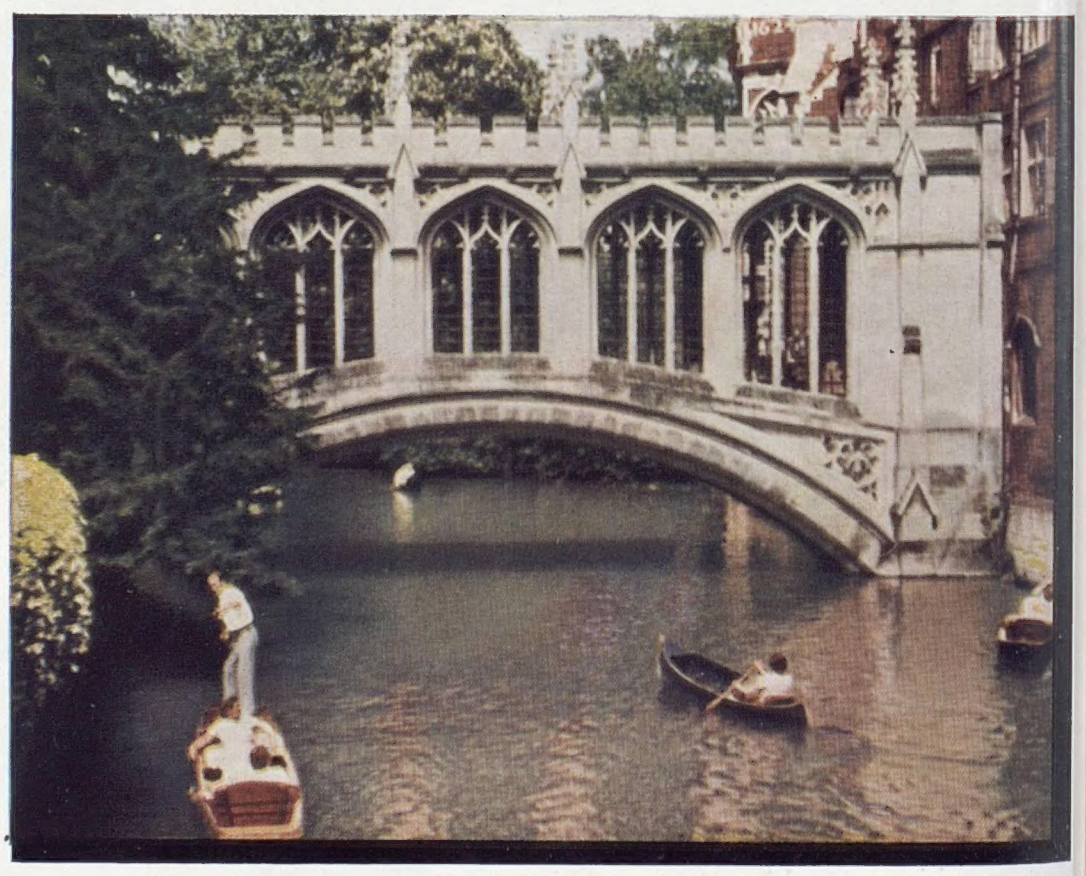

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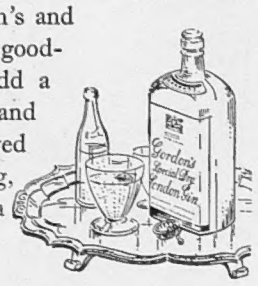

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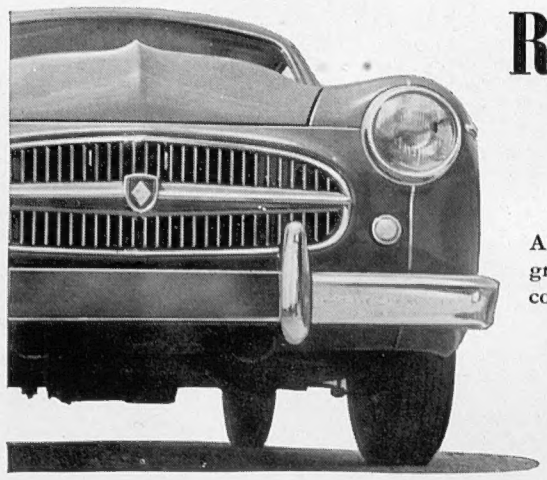

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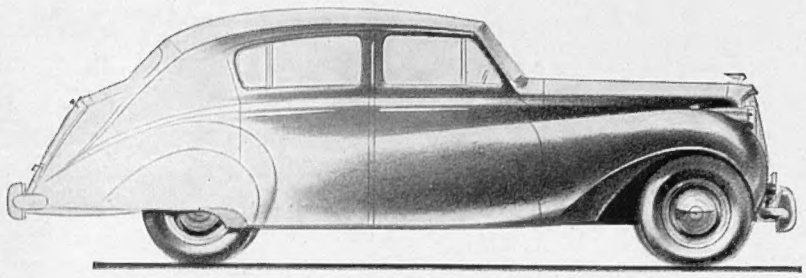

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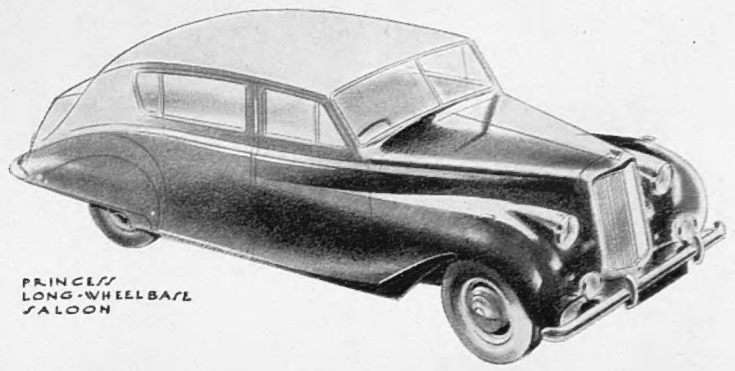

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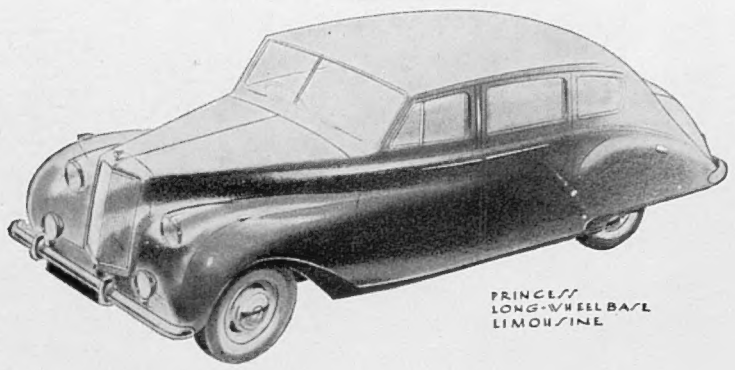
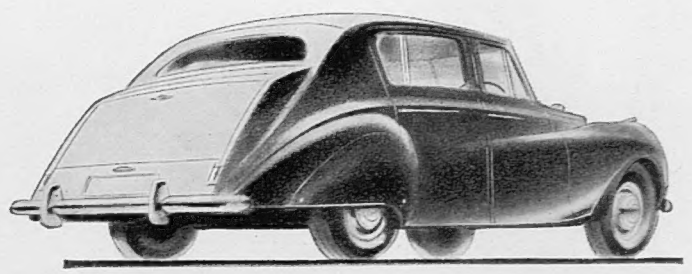


PRINCESS LONG-WHEELBASE LIMOUSINE



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Volume CCXXI No. 2889 The SPHERE, London, June 25, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

ON THE ROUTE TO THE "SUMMIT"—TWO VIEWS OF THE WESTERN FOREIGN MINISTERS AND DR. ADENAUER DURING THE VITAL PRELIMINARY STAGES OF THE HIGHEST-LEVEL CONFERENCE TO BE HELD NEXT MONTH: Conferring in New York last week are, *at top*, from left, Mr. John Foster Dulles, the American Secretary of State; Mr. Harold Macmillan, Britain's Foreign Secretary; Dr. Konrad Adenauer, the German Federal Chancellor; and M. Antoine Pinay, the French Foreign Minister. Later the three Foreign Ministers flew to San Francisco for the United Nations anniversary celebrations, and for talks with Mr. Molotov, the Soviet Foreign Minister.

In three weeks' time the President of the United States and the Prime Ministers of Britain, the Soviet Union and France are due to meet in Geneva. It will be the first conference between the Four Powers "at the summit" since the Potsdam Conference in 1945. The delicate and vital preliminary stages to the conference were in the hands of the Foreign Ministers, who took advantage of the anniversary session of the United Nations in San Francisco this week to meet and discuss the programme for Geneva. Before leaving for California the three Western Ministers met the German Chancellor in New York. Dr. Adenauer was on his way to London after conferring with President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles, and the result of these talks may well have a decisive effect on the Geneva Conference. For Dr. Adenauer again pledged his loyalty to the West and to N.A.T.O., apparently refuting the idea that he would allow Western Germany to be neutralised in return for unification. With that assurance behind them, the Western statesmen will be in a strong position when they meet Marshal Bulganin.

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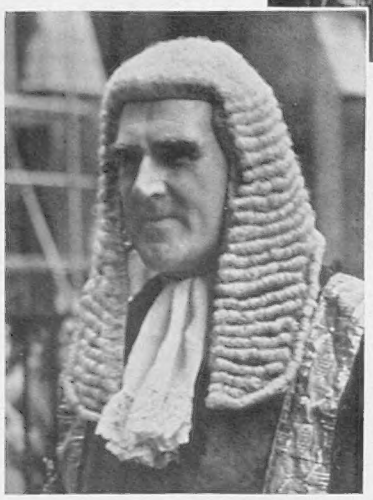
SETTLING THE RAILWAY DISPUTE

On right—
THE MINISTER OF LABOUR, WHO WAS CONGRATULATED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS FOR HIS TACT, WISDOM AND PATIENCE IN THE RAILWAY STRIKE : Sir Walter Monckton leaves the Ministry of Labour for the House of Commons to announce the end of the seventeen-day strike of railway locomotive staff. M.P.s paid tribute to his efforts in the long deliberations between the British Transport Commission, the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen and the National Union of Railwaymen.



On left—
THE INDEPENDENT REFEREE IN THE RAILWAY STRIKE SETTLEMENT : Lord Justice Morris was appointed by Sir Walter Monckton to examine wages scales of footplate workers. He had several meetings with the Unions in question soon after the end of the strike and his decisions were expected to be announced early this week. His findings were to be accepted by all parties "immediately and without question."

PROMINENT FIGURES IN THE LENGTHY DISCUSSIONS AT THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR : *Left*—Mr. Jim Campbell, Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, and (*right*) General Sir Brian Robertson, chairman of the British Transport Commission, are seen after the final meeting at which the agreement was reached. An arrangement was made for all parties to be heard by Lord Justice Morris. It was largely through the co-operation of the N.U.R., who did not stop work, that British Railways were able to run skeleton services during the strike.

LEADERS OF THE STRIKING UNION : Mr. Jim Baty, Secretary of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, is seen with (right) Mr. A. Hallworth (Acting General Secretary).

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.* ; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3 ; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.* ; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newslette

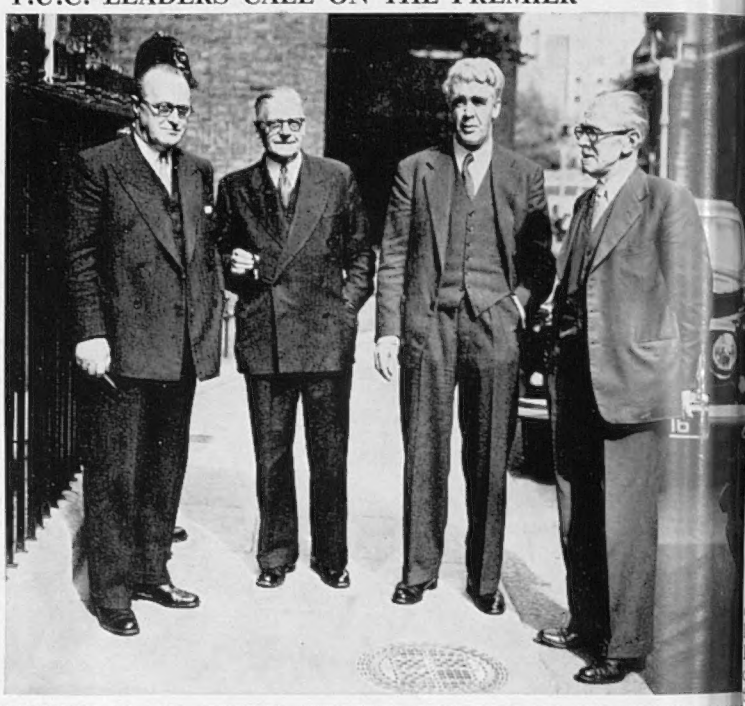
195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

What's Wrong With Us?—The settlement of the railway strike does not change my opinion that the year 1955, so far, has been as depressing and humiliating as any since 1939. Industrial relations at home have made it so. It has shown that muddle-mindedness and divided opinion are rife among leaders, experts and ordinary men in every class and walk of life. No two voices found the same remedy for our present discontents nor pointed to the same causes of our trouble. There was much talk in technical terms of differentials and wage structures, of workers' rights and even responsibilities, of what Governments and unions could and should and could not do. Some pundits were accused of simplifying, others of confusing with technicalities the issue before the country. Truth is simple ; what is truth ? The truth, as I see it, is fairly simple. To accept it is much more difficult ; to practise it generally still more so. The truth is that in forty years our world has totally changed. The greatest social revolution in our history has turned us upside down in four decades, and still to-day we exist with one foot in a dead and one in a living civilisation. In the older civilisation, we were still slowly evolving into a democratic from an aristocratic system ; we were rich and important, we had vast foreign investments, a population which, with our resources, could still be fed, foreign markets still avid for our products, raw materials at home and imports available from overseas to keep our exports up. There was a lot of injustice, a lot of misery, deplorable phases of unemployment which a far-sighted Government might have mitigated by vital public works on roads and new buildings. But, economically (as a nation among nations) we were comfortably cushioned. To-day we have a population of 50,000,000 which we find it hard to feed or house. It is so large that we can only hope to feed it if we accept as necessary the hours of labour common in our days of prosperity and a discipline which, formerly obeyed under the compulsion of fear of unemployment, must now be regarded as a free citizen's freely-accepted duty.

A Changed Nation.—We are a poor country to-day, by comparison. Gone are our open markets abroad, gone our foreign investments which could tide us over recessions. We face the fiercest competition from more industrious and virile nations, who have known defeat in war and possess all the spurs to regeneration which we have not known since 1066. And what sort of people are we ? The wars, which we won (on paper), did their best to turn us into a "good-time" people. We 'd had enough of austerity and regimentation. Now, it was *our* turn. We 'd won, hadn't we ? We 'd won the social revolution, too ; it was again "our turn now." Fair shares for all and down with the capitalists and the drones. Kicked into action by public clamour, the Governments in power hastened on with the Welfare State and the new democracy, convinced of the evils of the old régime but oblivious of any values and uses it might still possess in a time of transition when public education was still so primitive that most of us could be swayed by the written word but were quite unable to reason out its meaning and implications. So arose a new façade on foundations hastily improvised on the ruins of the old building. And nothing works. We are living in two worlds. You see that in things trivial and vital. We were a great and rich and powerful nation. Therefore we are great and we can stay great . . . without working too hard for it, calling no man our master, accepting no discipline that does not suit us, clamouring always for a greater slice of the national cake. When these present strikes are "settled," let no man deceive himself that the present state of the nation will carry us along to prosperity. We must first be born again. There is more excuse for our muddleheadedness than for that of our leaders. Theirs, it seems, is seen as crassly in things trivial as in things vital. Do they believe in Democracy ? You would hardly suppose so in their adherence to the old traditions of aristocratic government on such matters as small (or significant) as the perpetuation of hereditary titles and other museum pieces. Do they believe in equality or in a Welfare State only if the nation which is to benefit from it redoubles rather than slackens its will to work, accepts rather than rejects the need for discipline and self-discipline ? As I see it, they pay this belief only lip service. They reject it in acts of surrender. Where in the world are benefits won without payment in cash or services, or harvests reaped without painful field labour ? Yet everywhere over the past forty years we have watched the decline of leadership (save in the hour of mor danger) and truckling to the new and irresponsi spirit of our race.

A New Structure Needed.—What wrong with Britain ? The same that saw the decli of aristocratic government—the abandonment of t responsibility and the grabbing of the privilege. W don't and we won't work hard enough for our pri leges. We don't accept a ceiling to our desires. W are grabbers. Our technical jargon in which we dre up our demands is fancy-dress. What are "differe tials" but a determination to cut a prettier figu than our neighbours, the aim and practice of M Punch's Edwardian Gorgius Midas ? There is national cake. Make it as large as you can by scrapi the tin. Share it as equally as you can devise, b don't imagine you can do the widow's cruse mirac with it or hand out another slice any time you wi to anyone who wants it. And our cake carries yet guarantee of size. It needs a new plan for distributio and that plan implies not a new wage structure f this or that industry but a *national* wage structu which takes account of what there is to divide an what degrees of efficiency should have the larg shares, not in nationalised or "vital" industries onl but in every profession and calling, tinker, tailo Cabinet Minister, ploughboy, parson and footpla man. And that new national structure, if w are to survive as a nation, we must all honou accept under discipline and work our part i twice as hard as we do to-day. It 's as simple an as difficult as that.

T.U.C. LEADERS CALL ON THE PREMIER



MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL PURPOSES COMMITTEE OF THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS ARRIVE FOR VITAL TALKS WITH SIR ANTHONY EDEN : They are seen at Downing Street, about to discuss with the Premier and the Minister of Labour the general industrial situation. From left are—Sir Vincent Tewson, General Secretary of the T.U.C. ; Mr. Charles Geddes, chairman of the T.U.C., and General Secretary of the Post Office Workers Union ; Mr. G. Woodcock, Assistant General Secretary, T.U.C. ; and Mr. To Yates, General Secretary of the National Union of Seamen. Several othe representatives also attended the meeting. Another meeting is expecte

What is Truth ?—More than one chie magistrate has asked this question *ex cathedra* oratorically or in a genuine state of puzzlement Quite lately, in the spate of pronouncements on ou present economic discontents, I heard a pundit declar that inflation should not be checked. It is the ver best condition for our present situation. It is no mine to reason why. A little less obscure and pleasantly surprising came forth from Parliamen some remarks more practical than mere love o paradox that, despite all recent crippling strikes, our adverse trade balance is most satisfactorily narrowing and that, consequently, we may infer that such strike are a good thing, because they have the effect o reducing imports much more quickly than exports or, at any rate, the production of potential exports Since truth sulks largely at the bottom of a mud well, paradox is not always a lie, though, generally a long-term lie. At least, I feel that after severa weeks of so-called crippling strikes it can't be true that, except in small matters, the nation is not on penny the worse ! For one thing, it seems, we shall have to import £80,000,000 worth of coal from abroad this year. And the strikes are not over and the police, who have worked so hard and well to cope with the strike chaos, are beginning to clamour for their own differentials and overtime pay. The vicious spiral is vigorously spinning. I like to be an optimist if occasion offers, but I cannot quite swallow it that all the damage done is summed up in a short list of discomforts. What *is* truth ? And what is the worth of a pundit and of his pronouncements ?

Contrasts.—In the same issue of *The Times* (June 13), Lord Samuel, who has resigned the leadership of the Liberal Party in the Lords, was referred to in very contrasting terms. Dr. Oster suggested that the occasion and the man deserved some form of public recognition—irrespective of Party—for one who had served the State so honourably during a long and distinguished career. He described him as a model for us and posterity. Mr. Bevan, speaking to a miners' gala at Cardiff, said that Lord Samuel was still speaking the same rubbish he talked in 1926—rubbish which had led to our present plight in the mines and on the railways. There are always two points of view and democracies pay them the deference they deserve in political life. But such deference is conditional on those opinions being expressed with restraint and good manners. There may be many who regard Mr. Bevan as a greater statesman and public servant than Lord Samuel. All tastes are said to be good. But, if our democracy is a civilised democracy and not a bear-garden, a majority would say that in one important quality at least Lord Samuel has a superiority over Mr. Bevan. He speaks and writes with restraint and courtesy even in times of political bitterness. And as a public servant he has always recognised the duty of avoiding recrimination and the increasing of acerbity in times of national danger and crisis. Mr. Bevan, on the other hand, has usually seized such occasions as God-sent opportunities for taking Party tricks and acerbating bitterness. As a statesman and public servant (political judgment, wisdom and knowledge apart), Lord Samuel has something—a very vital something—that Mr. Bevan will never have.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

And courtesy is not only charity. It is statesmanship also. Mr. Bevan can always win cheers from his admirers. What he never sees is that his ambition can only be implemented if he wins the floating votes.

The Price of Speed.—At Le Mans on Saturday, June 11, the racing began as a people's holiday. The bands blared popular music, lap records were broken time and time again. The crowds, who love sensation and enjoy watching other people doing daring, dangerous things, got all (and more) of the sensation they crave, and a big slice of the danger. We must not, of course, say that these races are mere stunts and pleasure shows. We are often told that only through these tests of speed and endurance can experts design a useful family car for you and me. Take it or leave it. If it were so, I doubt if the knowledge gained is worth the bones of a grenadier, let alone eighty deaths and as many more casualties. If the races and the spectators were not, to a man and a woman, out to see speed records broken, out to take and to gape at juggernaut risks, out for a people's pleasure party, why did the bands blare and the holiday spirit bubble and fizz? A mere scientific test usually gets no such stimulating background. We are deficient in this island of circuits like Le Mans. We are doing our best to remove this national blot; and where better to build a Le Mans than in a National Park, dedicated to peace and quiet contemplation?

A Visit to Osborne.—I took a day off. After all, why not? A number of real "workers" have set me an example in the value of a holiday. I might have gone to Trent Bridge, but Test cricket can be about as lively as a funeral and, like a funeral, too often takes place under Arctic conditions. I went instead to Osborne, in the Isle of Wight. I have always wanted to find out why Queen Victoria loved it so much and King Edward VII detested it so much, and of late I pined to see the new Victorian Museum. I was rewarded. It is most efficiently organised as a museum, nothing could be made smoother or pleasanter or less formal for the visitors, predominatingly schoolgirls. It is a most valuable museum, not so much the essence as the sum total of Victorian taste. The whole effect, from the decoration of the rooms to the most trivial items displayed, suggested to me a collector's nightmare after a Barmecide's Feast at the Caledonian Market. There was not one object I would have taken away, if offered free. Osborne is an invaluable museum; it tells the whole story of 1851 and all that without a single cut. The ground is flat and pleasant and dull. The Queen's little bedroom, where she died, looks north down a pleasant combe to the Solent and Portsmouth. It was defended by grille gates which, presumably, were locked by her at night. I suppose her personal maid and the Prince Consort's valet had duplicate keys for the morning services. No wonder she loved the place. It exactly suited her, peace among her family treasures. No wonder her son and her Ministers hated it. It was a long and tiresome journey from London, and then, as now, there was a museum at the journey's end. Then, as now, some superior persons would call it a chamber of horrors.

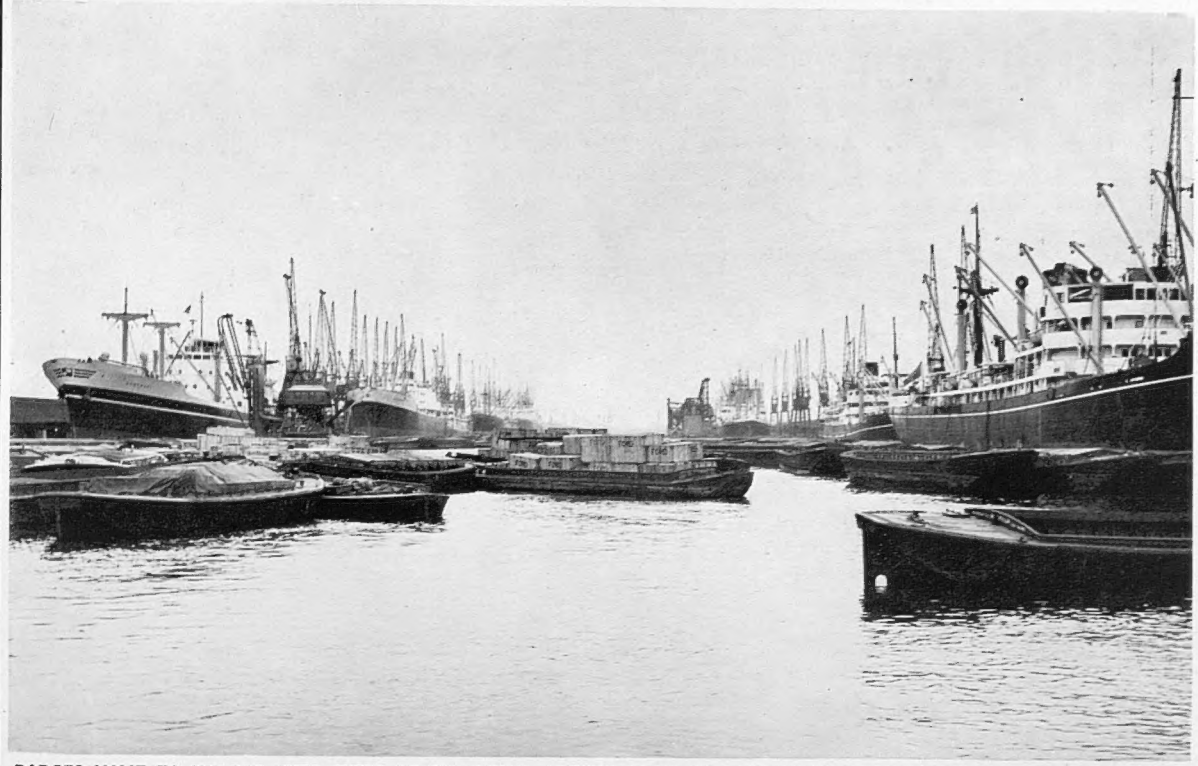
THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

A NEW METHOD OF MAKING STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS

Illustrated with special "Sphere" drawings by DENNIS FLANDERS

EXPORT GOODS PILE UP AT THE DOCKS



BARGES WAIT TO UNLOAD INTO SHIPS AT THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCK, IN LONDON, WHERE THE MONTH-LONG DOCK STRIKE HAS BADLY AFFECTED THE HANDLING OF SHIPS: This great pile of goods in the docks and in the ships' holds has resulted from the slowing-up of work caused by the strike called by the National Amalgamated Stevedores and Dockers before Whitsun. The strike is in support of the Union's claim for recognition in provincial ports where, in 1954, they enrolled considerable numbers of former members of the Transport and General Workers' Union. For this action they were suspended from membership of the T.U.C., who, with the T.G.W.U., have opposed the current strike. On the first day of the strike more than 18,000 men stopped work in London, Merseyside, Manchester and Hull, and about 175 ships were affected. Last week-end when nearly 19,500 men were still on strike, there were indications of a settlement when the striking union said it was willing to submit its dispute with the T.G.W.U. to a special disputes committee.

CEREMONIAL OPENING FOR THE L.C.C.'s FIRST COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL

COUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN FORMALLY OPENS KIDBROOKE SCHOOL, IN SOUTH-EAST LONDON: She is addressing approximately 1,300 girls and parents in the vast assembly hall of the school. The absence of supporting pillars in the hall ensures a clear view of the stage from all parts. The chairman for the opening ceremony was Mr. Norman Prichard, chairman of the London County Council. Kidbrooke, the L.C.C.'s first comprehensive secondary school, opened last September with an initial roll of 1,650 girls. There are eight houses in the school, each having about 200 girls and its own house-mistress. Heads of department are in charge of individual subjects throughout the school, while one mistress is in special charge of each year. The headmistress is Miss M. G. Green, and she has a staff of ninety, many of whom were appointed from other schools in the neighbourhood, whose children had been drafted to Kidbrooke. The school buildings stand on a site of nearly ten acres, a few minutes' walk from Shooter's Hill Road, in Greenwich. Form-rooms, for the most part, are in three three-storey blocks. The accent throughout the entire building is on light and space. Eventually there will be 2,000 pupils at the school, which cost £650,000, plus about £55,000 for furniture and equipment.

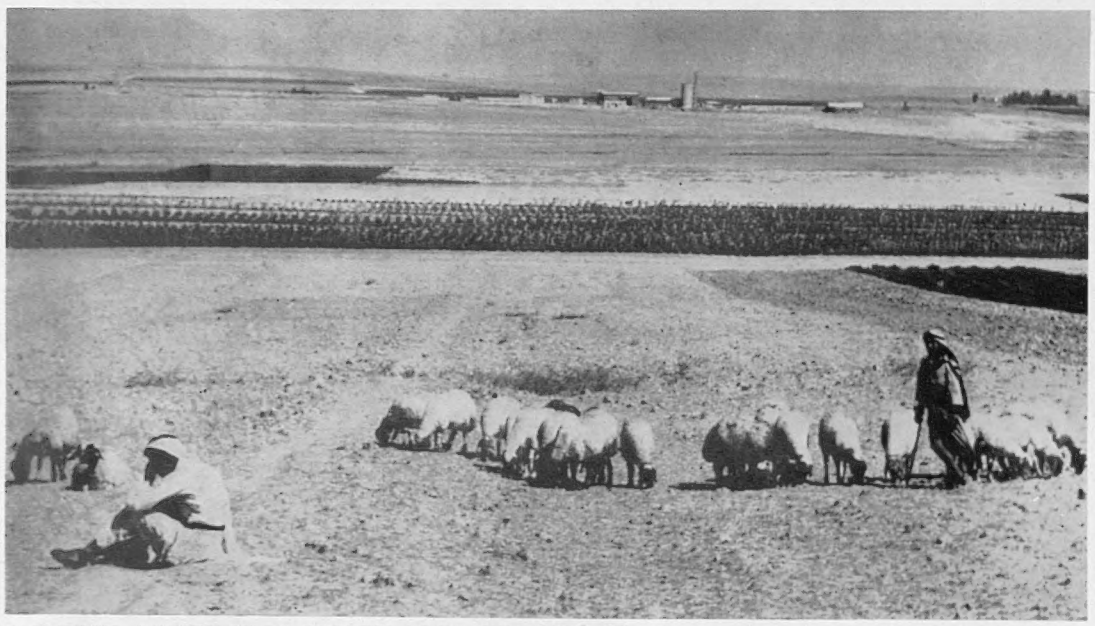
THIS TROUBLED WORLD

A Strike in Singapore; a New Plan for Israeli-Egyptian Frontier Peace; and an American Test of Defences Against Nuclear Bombs

A "RUN" ON PETROL IN SINGAPORE: Cars and lorries queue at a filling station because of a rumour that petrol-pump attendants were joining last week's strike. Petrol stations were emptied before the rumour proved incorrect.

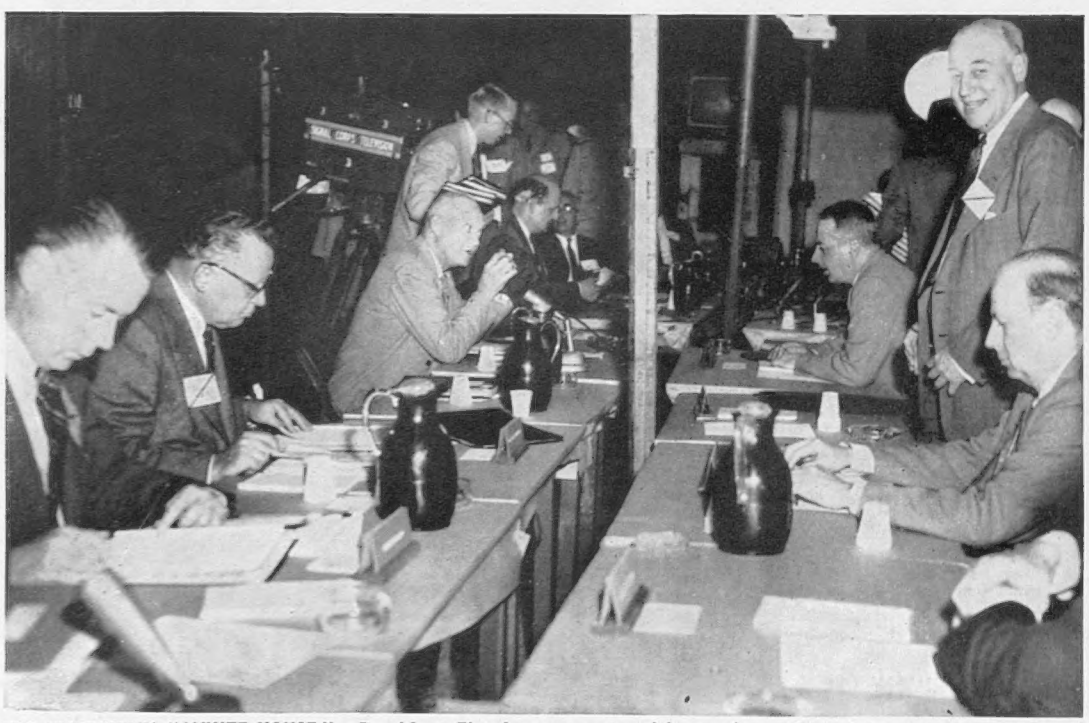
PICKETS ARE FORCIBLY REMOVED: The Singapore police arrested these men because they were allegedly obstructing the entrance to a factory. The strike, which spread among many trades, was ostensibly in sympathy with a stoppage by harbour workers. It ended last week.

Strikes have been one of the first problems to be faced by the Labour Government, elected two months ago in the first General Election in Singapore. However, the threat last week of a general strike failed. Stoppage of work began among transport workers and others out of sympathy with employees of the Harbour Board who were on strike. A further incentive to stay out was found in the arrest of six of the strikers. But throughout the week there also appears to have been a steady drift back to work of some labourers. By last week-end a formula for return to work had been found between the Government and the strikers. Whether or no this armistice can be transformed into a real industrial peace will be one of the first tests for Singapore's new-found Democracy.



A PROPOSED "SAFETY BELT" BETWEEN ISRAEL AND EGYPT: The shepherds are on the Egyptian side of the frontier. Beyond the demarcation line is the Israeli settlement of Beyron Ishak. This is part of the border, which would be mined to a width of 100 metres, if the new Israeli proposal is agreed.

EGYPTIAN REPRESENTATIVES DISCUSS TRUCE PLANS: Talking together are Major Hassan Sabry, Deputy Director of the Palestine Affairs Department at the Egyptian Ministry of War (centre), and two of his colleagues on the Israeli-Egyptian Truce Commission. They are in conference in one of the huts near the frontier, where the Commission meets regularly. Reports indicate that Egypt will be willing to discuss the latest Israeli plan for bringing peace to the border, which has been the scene of so many clashes. It was proposed by the Israeli Government to Major-General E. L. M. Burns, the Chief of the United Nations Truce Supervisory Organisation.



THE EMERGENCY "WHITE HOUSE": President Eisenhower meets with members of his Cabinet and Government officials in a tent in a secret retreat during "Operation Alert," the recent test of America's nuclear bombing defences. From left (seated) are: Mr. Larsen, Under-Secretary of Labour; Mr. Summerfield, Postmaster-General; the President; Mr. Peterson, Civil Defence Administrator; Mr. Lewis Strauss, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission; Dr. Flemming, Director of Defence Mobilisation (opposite the President); Mr. George Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury (standing) and Mr. Brownell, Attorney-General. For the purpose of the exercise it was assumed that sixty American cities had been hit by atomic or hydrogen bombs, with 10,000,000 casualties, half of them fatal. At his emergency "White House," President Eisenhower said that besides testing civil defence services, the exercise was also concerned with showing how the Government would continue to function under such circumstances.

NEW YORK IS "HIT": This is the corner of New York—the intersection of North 7th Street and Kent Avenue—which was allegedly hit by an H-Bomb during "Operation Alert."

REVOLT IN ARGENTINA

Scenes in Buenos Aires Before and During the Abortive Attempt by the Navy to Seize Power

President Peron's dictatorship is unusual in that it depends for support, not on the armed forces, but on the trades unions. This state of affairs is the fruit of the work of the President's wife Evita, and ever since her death in 1952 he has found it difficult to maintain his position. The revolt which broke out last week was probably an attempt on the part of certain sections of the armed forces to wrest the power in the Argentine from the trades unions. It was timed to coincide with the indignant reactions of a large section of Roman Catholic opinion to the repressive measures ordained by President Peron against the Church. Since November the Peronista Party and the trades unions have been pressing for the separation of Church and State, and a number of laws reducing the influence of the Church in the home as well as in the State have brought disestablishment nearer. Violent demonstrations against Roman Catholics, and police measures against counter-demonstrators, including the arrest of priests, led to the excommunication of President Peron last week. This was the moment that the rebels, mainly from the Navy, chose to attack Buenos Aires.

The weather was unfavourable for flying, and many of the bombs failed to hit the target. The revolt appears to have been crushed in the capital and in provincial centres with some ease. But a new figure has emerged: General Lucero. He commanded the Army, which seems, for the most part, to have remained loyal to the Government, and he took over the post of Commander-in-Chief from the President himself. The armed forces may yet prove to have been the chief beneficiaries from the revolt.

THE ANTI-CHURCH DEMONSTRATIONS WHICH PRECEDED THE REVOLT: The Plaza de Mayo in Buenos Aires is packed with a seething mass of Peronista supporters, who had been called out by their trades unions to demonstrate against the Roman Catholic Church. Within a few days this square was littered with casualties after rebel aircraft had attacked it.

On left—
THE MAN WHO WON: General Franklin Lucero (right), who led the Argentine Army, is hugged by President Peron after the first stages of the revolt had been crushed.

THE FIGHT IN THE CAPITAL: The smoke and dust of battle in front of the Ministry of Finance in Buenos Aires, and Government House (right), as Government forces fought against the rebels. Windows are shattered, the walls pitted by bullets.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE: *On left*—Men fall to the ground seeking safety from flying metal and debris as rebel bombers attacked Government House and other centres in Buenos Aires. Clouds of smoke in the background are seen rising from burning buildings. *On right*—One of the rebel aircraft flies low, just above the smoke rising from Government House, after it had bombed President Peron's headquarters on the first day of the revolt. The President has stated that he was warned of the revolt, and therefore had left Government House the day before the attack. On the first day 360 people were reported killed.

ONLY THE BUBBLES IN THE WATER MARK THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY : An Admiralty diver has just surfaced after sounding the submarine *Sidon* for signs of life in Portland Harbour. Thirteen men were known to have been in the submarine, sunk in 36 ft. of water below the white patches on the sea. All hope for them was abandoned. *Sidon* sank after an explosion while she was loading torpedoes.

THE "SIDON" EXPLOSION IN PORTLAND HARBOUR

Thirteen Men were Killed and Forty-three Saved when the Submarine Sank after an Explosion on Board

Three officers and ten ratings lost their lives when the submarine *Sidon* exploded, and afterwards sank, in Portland Harbour last week. Forty-three others on board were taken off the vessel, seven of them being admitted to hospital. The explosion took place in the torpedo compartment of the submarine while she was lying alongside her parent ship, H.M.S. *Maidstone*. Torpedoes had been embarked, and *Sidon* was about to go to sea for firing practices. There was a sudden uprush of air and smoke through the conning-tower hatch. Survivors started to escape, and the captain, Lieut.-Commander H. T. Verry, with other officers and ratings who were on the bridge, went below to assist in rescue operations. They were joined by rescue parties from *Maidstone*, who were armed with breathing equipment. Among them were Captain G. D. A. Gregory, captain of the Second Submarine Squadron; Commander (E) A. A. Summerhayes, and Surgeon Lieutenant C. E. Rhodes, a twenty-seven-year-old National Service doctor.

Surgeon Lieutenant Rhodes helped a number of wounded men through the conning tower, then went to fetch morphia from *Maidstone*, and returned to the submarine despite the heavy fumes from the explosion throughout the vessel. That was the last that was seen of him, for twenty minutes after the explosion *Sidon* began to sink very rapidly at the bows, and within a short time only a white patch of bubbles on the sea marked the spot where she lay sunk in 36 ft. of water.

Because of the proximity of the depot ship rescue operations were begun immediately, under the personal supervision of the Flag Officer, Submarines, Rear-Admiral G. B. H. Fawkes, who had flown to the scene by helicopter. Even before the submarine sank, cable had been attached to *Sidon's* stern and was paid out over the "horns" of a mooring vessel. Divers sounded the submarine for signs of life, and sealed off some compartments. While the salvage ships *Kinbrace* and *Swin* were arriving from Dover, and lifting vessels came from Harwich, holes were drilled into the side of the submarine and air pumped into her to enable her to float. Nevertheless, because of the destruction in the forward part of the vessel, raising the submarine proved to be a very difficult operation. Not much headway was made before the week-end, and it was five days after the the explosion that the attempts to salvage *Sidon* were expected to meet with success for the first time.

A RECENT PICTURE OF "SIDON": She is an S-class submarine of 1,000 tons submerged, and normally carries a complement of forty-four. She was completed in November 1944 and took part in the reoccupation of Hong Kong after the Japanese surrender in 1945

THE DEPOT SHIP ALONGSIDE WHICH THE SUBMARINE SANK : H.M.S. *Maidstone*, the 8,900-ton depot ship of the Second Submarine Squadron, dwarfs the mooring vessel *Moordale* alongside her. It was from *Maidstone* that the first rescue party went on board the submarine.

LAST HOLD ON THE SUBMARINE : Beyond the *Maidstone* can be seen the "horns" of the mooring vessel *Moordale*. Cable fastened over them to the stern of the submarine was paid out as *Sidon* sank by the bows after the explosion.

SCUE EQUIPMENT IS RUSHED TO PORTLAND HARBOUR : Gas cylinders which help to keep the sunken vessel afloat are unloaded at Portsmouth for conveyance to Portland. Salvage operations were slow, due to the extent of the damage.

THE LAST MOMENTS ABOVE SURFACE : *Sidon* sinks rapidly at the bows twenty minutes after the explosion. All who remained on board, including her captain, scrambled off, except for the 13 who were trapped. A cable at her stern links the submarine with the mooring vessel.

JORDAN'S KING AND QUEEN IN WINDSOR AND LONDON

A ROYAL VISIT TO WINDSOR CASTLE : King Hussein of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan and Queen Dina spend a week-end at Windsor Castle as guests of Queen Elizabeth during their week's official visit to England. This picture, taken on the landing of the Sovereign's Staircase, shows the Royal visitors with the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Charles and Princess Anne. The statue in the background of the picture is of the boy King Edward VI. After a visit to a polo tournament in Windsor Great Park last Saturday afternoon the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh gave a dinner-party in honour of their Royal visitors. King Hussein had many other engagements during the week, including a visit to the Prime Minister.

KING HUSSEIN ACCOMPANIES PRINCESS MARGARET : They are seen as they arrived at Smith's Lawn, Windsor Great Park, to watch the finals of the Household Brigade polo tournament.

MEN OF THE ARAB LEGION FORM A GUARD OF HONOUR AT EARLS COURT : They were on parade when the visiting King and Queen arrived for a performance of the Royal Tournament. At the end of their official visit the King and Queen were to remain in England for a short private stay.

A KING AND QUEEN ARRIVE : *Above*—King Hussein of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan crosses the Northolt airfield to inspect a guard of honour of the Royal Air Force on his arrival in London for a week's visit. Behind is Queen Dina with the Duke of Gloucester. *Left*—The Duke of Gloucester is seen with the Royal guests, whom he welcomed to the United Kingdom on behalf of the Queen. *Right*—King Hussein and Queen Dina are leaving their London hotel for an official reception at Lancaster House on the evening of the day of their arrival. This Royal visit, which continued until last Thursday, was an official one at the invitation of the British Government. But it was also part of the extensive honeymoon of King Hussein and Queen Dina, who were married in April. They first met while they were both being educated in Britain. The King was at Harrow and Sandhurst and the Queen at Girton College, Cambridge. Their Majesties flew to Great Britain from Spain, where they had spent some days of their honeymoon trip. In Madrid they had visited General Franco and Señora Carmen Franco.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

The King and Queen of Jordan and the Premier of Burma are Welcomed to Britain

THE BURMESE PREMIER IS WELCOMED : On his arrival at London Airport for his seven-day visit, U Nu is met by Lord Reading, Minister of State at the Foreign Office.

INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR : U Nu walks along a rank of the guard of honour of the R.A.F. at London Airport. On the same day he travelled to Scotland, later returning to London, to be received by the Queen and to meet politicians. The Burmese Premier and his wife flew to Britain from Belgrade.

The Foreign News in Pictures

ACROSS THE WORLD

AN ACCOUNT OF RECENT EVENTS IN AMERICA AND EUROPE, IN THE FAR EAST AND AUSTRALIA

THE COLD-WAR MEDIATOR BETWEEN EAST AND WEST IN WASHINGTON: Mr. Krishna Menon, Mr. Nehru's special envoy-at-large, in consultation with President Eisenhower and the United States Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, at the White House. Mr. Menon, who has been journeying between America and China in an effort to secure an easing of tension between the two countries, reported on his latest mission to Peking, where he is believed to have been instrumental in securing the release of four of the fifteen captive American airmen. There was marked cordiality in the meeting between Mr. Menon and the American statesmen, a contrast to the attacks which had been made on the Indian diplomat in the Press and in Congress. Mr. Menon is among the leading politicians of all nations who are attending the tenth anniversary celebrations of the United Nations held in San Francisco this week.

On right—

MR. MOLOTOV BRINGS GREETINGS TO NEW YORK: The Soviet Foreign Minister talking to reporters in New York shortly after his arrival in the liner *Queen Elizabeth* from France. On his right are (from left) Mr. S. Tsarapkin, a Soviet delegate to the United Nations; Mr. Zarubin, the Russian Ambassador to the U.S., and Mr. Molotov's interpreter. Mr. Molotov was on his way to San Francisco for the United Nations anniversary celebrations and for the preliminary talks among the Big Four Foreign Ministers in preparation for the "summit" talks to be held in Geneva next month.

VIET NAM'S PREMIER AMONG THE ABORIGINES: Mr. Ngo Dinh Diem samples native wines during his tour of the mountain region of Banmethout. Mr. Ngo Dinh Diem returned to his capital, Saigon, to learn that "a council of the Imperial family" had proclaimed the dismissal of Emperor Bao Dai as Chief of State, and that he himself had been nominated "President of the Republic." Although this proclamation is said not to have any legal force, it is expected to have a considerable psychological effect on Viet Nam opinion. Meanwhile, heavy fighting continued between the Government and the rebel Hoa Hao.

A GIANT ELECTRICITY PROJECT IN SOUTHERN JAPAN: The new dam at Kamishiba, in Kyushu, the southernmost island in Japan, in the last stages of construction. This is said to be the first semi-circular dam to have been built in Japan. It is 360 ft. high, 1,090 ft. long, and nearly 30 ft. thick. It will hold 2,862,432,310 cu. ft. of water to generate 90,000 kw. of electricity. The project took five years to complete and cost a total of £11,000,000.

TIGHT SQUEEZE FOR A RADAR STATION: An 8,000-ton floating radar platform is manœuvred delicately through bridge piers on the Fore River as it is towed downstream to Boston for further equipment to be added. The gap between the two piers is 225 ft. and the island measures 220 ft. across. Once completed, the platform will form part of the chain of thirty off-shore radar stations which are to be placed in the Atlantic Ocean. They will stand on legs 200 ft. high, which will keep them 87 ft. above high-water level. There will be living accommodation for some seventy men who will maintain and operate radar equipment providing early warning of approaching aircraft. A weather watch will also be kept. The "islands" will be served mainly by helicopters.

HOLLAND'S WARSHIPS CELEBRATE NAVY WEEK: Some of the twenty-two warships which lay in Amsterdam Harbour for Netherlands Navy Week. In the background is seen the city. In line to starboard are (from left) the destroyers *Kortenaer* and *Evertsen* and the anti-submarine escort destroyers *Noord Brabant* and *Holland*. In the middle distance (extreme right) are seen three patrol-boats. In the port-side line are the frigate *De Zeeuw*, the minesweeper *Onverdroten*, and the cruiser *De Ruyter*.

AN AUSTRALIAN NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR AND EDITOR ARE SENTENCED TO GAOL BY THE FEDERAL PARLIAMENT: *On left*—Mr. R. E. Fitzpatrick, proprietor of the *Bankstown Observer*, a suburban Sydney newspaper, is seen with a police sergeant in Parliament House, Canberra, after he and his editor had each been sentenced to three months' imprisonment by the House of Representatives for breaches of privilege. *On right*—The editor, Mr. F. C. Browne (right), with his counsel, Mr. J. W. Shand, Q.C.

On left—

The entire Australian nation was able, through the medium of the wireless, to listen in to the unprecedented proceedings in the Federal Parliament in Canberra, where the proprietor and editor of a Sydney suburban newspaper were sentenced to three months' imprisonment. Mr. R. E. Fitzpatrick and Mr. F. C. Browne were called before the Bar of the House of Representatives to speak in mitigation after a Committee of Privileges had found them guilty of breaches of privilege. Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister, who moved the adoption of the Committee's Report and the sentences on the two newspaper men, said that the accused had tried to prevent a member of the House from carrying out his duty to his constituents and had indulged in character assassination. Mr. Fitzpatrick apologised to the House for the matter published in his newspaper, but Mr. Browne launched into an attack on the proceedings and on Mr. Menzies in particular. After the sentences had been announced, notice of an application for a writ of *habeas corpus* was given. This will involve a test of the Constitution—the legality of imprisonment by Parliament without trial in a modern State.

A WARM WELCOME FOR KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS ON HIS RETURN FROM HIS TOUR OF THE CONGO: The King is surrounded, in the rain, by a great crowd after he had laid a wreath on the statue of his great-great-uncle, King Leopold II, shortly after his return to Brussels. *On right*—The State procession rounds a corner during the ceremonial drive through Brussels on the King's return after his four-weeks tour of Belgian possessions in Central Africa. King Baudouin received a remarkable demonstration of loyalty from the people of Brussels when he returned home. As he drove to the statue of King Leopold II, the founder of the Congo, he was cheered by large crowds who lined the route.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

A Country Paper Mill.—What constitutes a rural industry? Is an industry "rural" merely because it is concerned with farming or forestry, like grass-drying or sawmilling? If so, that restricts the list to a very few employments. Or can it be called "rural" because it is situated in the countryside? If that is so, then there are plenty of possibilities, and I would agree with the definition, with one proviso. No "rural" industry must be so large as to disrupt the pattern of country life or wantonly disfigure the landscape.

This means, in effect, that few village factories should employ more than about 100 hands, or that rural industry in general should absorb more than half the working population of the countryside. This, I know, is a difficult definition to enforce, but it seems to work out in practice. On the other hand, much of the countryside is in need of local industry, and the problem is to attract new enterprise or maintain what is already there.

Last month I paid a visit to a small works which is admirably suited to modern village economy, and whose buildings settle inoffensively into the broken, wooded territory of South Devon. This was the hand-made-paper mill of Arthur Millbourn Limited, at Tuckenhay, near Totnes. Paper-making by hand has not changed essentially since the invention of the process by the Chinese nearly 2,000 years ago. The craft was brought to Europe by the Moors in the eleventh century and found its way to England before 1500. At present there are fewer than half-a-dozen mills engaged in the trade, but there is a firm demand for hand-made papers, principally by lawyers for legal documents, by artists for drawing and water-colours, and in certain quarters for use as high-quality writing and printing papers. There is an important connection with the U.S.A.

At Tuckenhay there were originally two mills, both driven by water-power, and it is known that paper was being produced there in 1820. Towards the end of the last century these two were linked up with solid buildings of stone quarried close by, and some machinery introduced without, however, altering the essential character of the trade. Recently the firm has changed hands and has acquired the good-will and watermark of another and even older-established business from Eynsford, in Kent, which had its origin in the reign of Charles I. The paper is made from clean rag with a small admixture of high-grade wood-pulp. After a number of preparatory processes—breaking, boiling, bleaching, etc.—it is poured as a liquid into a vat, where the hand-making begins. The vat man uses a mould—a kind of wire-sieve with detachable sides, known as a "deckle"—which he dips into the vat, and then shakes or "nurses" to interlace the fibres. The mould then goes to the "coucher," who presses the wet film of paper on to a felt and returns the mould to the vat man. In due course a stack of felts and papers is built up and removed for pressing, and eventually the various sheets of paper are dried and sized and graded.

I was struck not only by the skill of the craftsmen, but also by the number of processes that have to be gone through, and the fact that each piece of paper is treated individually and carefully, in much the same manner as a housewife launders her best linen at home. In fact, the whole place reminded me somewhat of a laundry, with one whole room devoted to papers hanging up to dry like sheets on a line. I am glad to hear that at Tuckenhay there are now boys taking up apprenticeship, which is a five-years engagement. It is on them that the survival of this ancient trade depends

Gambling for Survival.—Before the war, when the cricket club needed a new set of pads and bats, or the football club a pair of new goal-posts, the gentry could usually be relied upon to help out. The squire (if there was one), the parson (if not impoverished), the leading tenant farmers a retired Civil Servant or two—they were all good for paper money or a substantial cheque on occasions But the growing incidence of death duties, and, above all things, the late war, have put an end to most income from these sources. Money is now in different hands, and where members' subscriptions are insufficient, then the balance has to be raised in other ways.

If a comparatively small sum is needed, it is enough to organise the usual round of socials or whist drives or jumble sales. If a large sum—then that is the problem. And large sums are needed regularly by such organisations as the County Cricket Club, which cannot possibly meet all its obligations in the normal way. Soon after the war a number of schemes were started which were lotteries, pure and simple, to support not only sports clubs, but churches and even political parties. They were properly organised, their weekly statements were duly certified, and for the cost of a shilling or two they gave a lot of pleasure to a lot of innocent people. They certainly saved many local enterprises from extinction. The police, however, took a different view, and in every county they gradually warned the organisers of their liability to prosecution. This resulted in a change-over to local football pools, but here the income is subject to the Pool Betting Duty of 30 per cent., to the great benefit of the Customs and Excise department of the Inland Revenue.

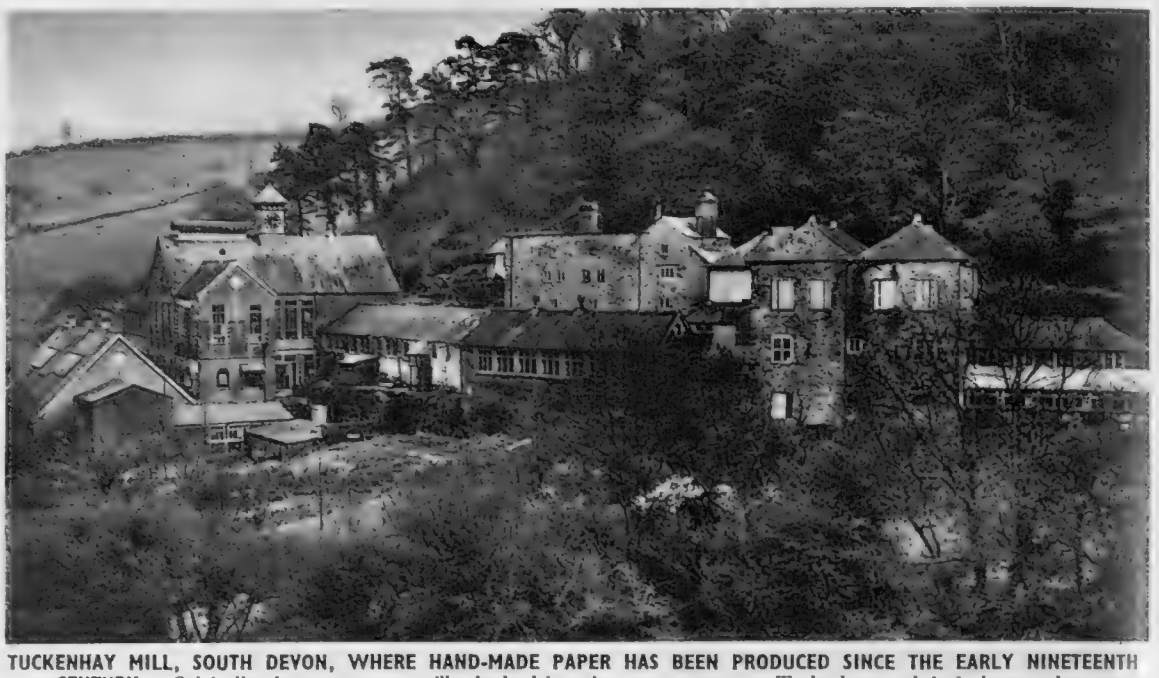
No one suggests that commercially-run football pools should escape this imposition, but there is obviously a good case for reducing the rate for the others, and strong representations have been made to the Treasury, so far without any tangible result. Alternatively, there have been two attempts in Parliament by means of Private Members' Bills to revise the Betting and Lotteries Act, to enable the smaller lotteries to be revived. Without the proceeds of lotteries or lightly taxed pools, many local activities will in the end be extinguished. In 1954, for example, the County Cricket Clubs lost £100,000 before taking into account the extraordinary income from their Supporters' Clubs or from the results of Test Matches.

A Family and a Railway.—Last February I referred to the shoemaking industry at Street and Glastonbury, founded by the Clark family in the early nineteenth century. I have now received a delightful booklet commemorating the centenary of the Somerset Central Railway (1854-1954), in which the shoemakers were vitally interested. Without railways it would have been impossible to distribute the immense volume of goods issuing from the new factories of the Industrial Revolution, but until the middle of the last century Street was still thirteen miles from the nearest rail point at Bridgwater, on the Bristol–Exeter line. Horse wagons and the Glastonbury canal were proving quite inadequate, but eventually a single track was constructed between Glastonbury and Highbridge, subsequently extended to Burnham, as the port for South Wales. The line was formally opened on August 17, 1854, amid universal rejoicing.

A letter exists, written by one of the Clark daughters, describing the occasion, and she mentions that an artist and an engraver were sent down to report the proceedings at length. A picture was published showing a large procession, carrying banners, passing through the Abbey ruins on its way to a "spacious tent, in which a splendid collation for nearly 500 persons had been provided." "About 800 of the working classes of Glastonbury were entertained at dinner in another large tent . . . besides which the committee, previous to the festival, had distributed cake and tea to upwards of 1,500 females." Other railway lines soon came in from the north and east, and in due course the Somerset Central joined forces with the Dorset Central (coming up from Templecombe) to form the famous Somerset and Dorset Joint Railway, vulgarly known as the "Slow and Dirty."

Last year the directors of Clark's and the neighbouring firm of Clark Son and Morland (there are family connections) had the happy notion of celebrating the centenary of the old line by running a special excursion to Burnham-on-Sea. Over a hundred descendants of the Clarks, all the employees and their families, and a mayoral delegation took part. Fortunately, they chose the one fine Saturday in a wet August, and a good time was had by all. Many were dressed in period costume and proceeded to the station by horse carriage.

The British Railways, that monumental successor to the old Somerset Central, was not at first very enthusiastic, but the railwaymen all caught the spirit of the occasion, and one of them (a retired official) kindly presented to Clark's Museum a hand-bell that had formerly been used to warn travellers of the approach and departure of trains.



TUCKENHAY MILL, SOUTH DEVON, WHERE HAND-MADE PAPER HAS BEEN PRODUCED SINCE THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY: Originally there were two mills, both driven by water-power, at Tuckenhay, and it is known that paper was produced there in 1820. The two mills were linked by stone buildings towards the end of the last century.

School Manager.—I am one of the managers of our village Primary School, and you may well question my qualifications. It so happens I have some of a sort, but whether they are relevant I cannot say. Like many others at the university, I took a tutoring job during the Long Vacation one year (many years ago), and later, when brushing-up my French in Paris, gave English lessons to anxious French students swotting for their interminable and inexorable exams. One lad of sixteen, I remember, sitting for his *baccalauréat*, was required to know the full story of Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*. I had never read it, and so we ploughed through it together, and we both agreed it was the dullest, stodgiest book imaginable.

Later, I taught French and German for a term at Shrewsbury School. I didn't do too badly, as I tried to model myself on a wonderful teacher, Frank McEachran, who is now in charge of modern languages there. It was an exciting term, but very exacting, and as I had already made plans for other things, I soon faded out of the pedagogic scene.

Of course, other than the parson, few school managers are called upon to teach. But we listen sympathetically to the head teacher's reports, attend to the necessities of the school premises, and generally act as a buffer state between the village and the county. Although we cannot be considered very active, we have our place.

CELEBRATING THE CENTENARY OF THE SOMERSET CENTRAL RAILWAY: Guests, in period costume, are seen (*left*) leaving Clark's shoe-making factory at Street, for Glastonbury Station, on the occasion of the centenary trip to Burnham-on-Sea last August. Some made their way to the station in horse-drawn carriages. In the picture *on the right* they are preparing to join the special excursion train.

PLAY IN PROGRESS IN THE ROYAL WINDSOR POLO CUP: On Smith's Lawn, in Windsor Great Park, Cirencester Park are playing Windsor in a quarter-final. The Hon. G. B. Bathurst, for Cirencester Park (No. 4, second from left in foreground), is clearing from goal during a Windsor attack. A polo tournament was played on several days last week at Windsor. Games were watched by the Queen and her party which had assembled for the Ascot race meeting, postponed because of the rail strike.

On left—
AT COWDRAY PARK: The Queen and the Duke, wearing dark glasses, are leaving the polo ground at Cowdray Park, in Sussex, with Lord and Lady Cowdray. The Queen had been watching her husband play.

On right—
THE ROYAL CHILDREN ARE SPECTATORS WITH THEIR MOTHER: From the car which has brought them to Smith's Lawn, Windsor, the Duke of Cornwall strides in a determined manner with his hands behind his back. The Queen Mother and some others in the Royal party are in the background.

THE ROYAL FAMILY AT POLO

The Queen and Other Royal Spectators Watch the Duke of Edinburgh Play at Windsor and at Cowdray Park

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE ON A DAY WHEN THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WAS PLAYING: *Left*—The Duke arrives at Smith's Lawn with his two children and the Queen Mother and, in the background, Princess Alexandra. The Duke played No. 2 for Mariners, who were narrowly beaten by Cowdray Park in the Royal Windsor Polo Cup. *Right*—Leaving with the Queen are the Queen Mother, Princess Alexandra, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester and the Duke of Gloucester.

DEATH IN THE SUN

Pictures from the Camera of One of the Two Survivors of the Ill-fated British Expedition, which got Stranded and Lost While Crossing the Sahara Desert by Car

THE LAST OUTPOST BEFORE THE FINAL JOURNEY: A final snapshot of the mosque at Agades. It was more than 130 miles from here that the party of four Britons, who were trying to cross the Sahara by car, got stranded. Two of them died of exposure.

Two members of a party of four Britons, who were attempting to go by car from Kenya to Britain, via the Sahara, perished of thirst, heat and exhaustion when their vehicle broke down. The four passengers were Alan Cooper, a Kenya farmer; Miss Barbara Duthy, a zoologist working in Kenya; Miss Freda Taylor, from Lancashire; and eighteen-year-old Peter Barnes, also from Kenya. On this lap of their journey they were travelling from Kano, Nigeria, and aiming at Algiers. They had stopped at the ancient fort of Agades and set off northwards along one of the recognised routes across the desert. It was after spending a night encamped in the Sahara, about 125 miles from Agades, that the first disaster occurred.

On waking up, the party found that the treacherous sands had shifted and that the car had sunk into it up to its axles. But the party had neither sand-mats to enable the tyres to grip, nor shovels with which to dig the car out. Thinking that a desert convoy would pass by anyway, they made no attempt to conserve their scanty supply of water. Then, when they realised their predicament, Cooper volunteered to go out and find help.

With no cover for his head, and little water, Cooper walked most of the sixty-five miles to the well at In Guezzam. There, in a state of complete exhaustion, he was found by the drivers of an Arab lorry and car. Cooper and the Arabs went in search of the British car, which they encountered only ten miles away, for Barnes had managed to get it going again. It was decided to return to Agades in convoy. Miss Duthy went in one of the Arab vehicles. Cooper returned to Miss Taylor and Barnes in his own car. Then the Arabs' broke down. Without the Britons knowing it, they stopped for repairs. The British car went on, got stuck in the sand again, and was lost. A nightmare day passed. There was no water, no shelter. By the time the search party found them, both Cooper and Miss Taylor were dead. Only Barnes remained alive, to return with the pictures of those last hours.

THE LAST SUPPLY OF WATER: The wandering Arabs from whom the ill-fated expedition bought the water stand by the car. When this supply was exhausted, the travellers had to wait for help from a passing lorry. When they got lost again, there was only the water left in the radiator.

PAINFUL PROGRESS THROUGH THE SHIFTING SANDS: The two women in the expedition, Miss Barbara Duthy and Miss Freda Taylor, pack up after the night's rest. During the night the treacherous shifting sands of the Sahara had trapped the wheels of the car, making it necessary to unload it in an effort to dig the wheels out. Blankets were used to give the wheels something to grip.

CAMPING IN THE DESERT: One of the first halts on the journey from Agades, when all was still going well. On left is Miss Barbara Duthy, a zoologist from Kenya, one of the two survivors.

THE END IS NEAR: The car is stranded, apparently miles from help. Miss Taylor leans wearily on the mudguard and carefully sips a cup of precious water, after trying to push the car free of the soft sands into which it has sunk. Meanwhile, the sun beats mercilessly on her and the vehicle.

DEATH COMES TO THE EXPEDITION: With hands shaking from exhaustion Peter Barnes took this picture of the stranded car. Alan Cooper and Miss Taylor lie dead beside the vehicle.

A LOCH WILL BE PART OF A NEW RESERVOIR : Loch Lyon, in Perthshire, will be enlarged to make the reservoir for the new dam at Lubreoch in the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board's £21,500,000 Breadalbane project. Invermearn Farm, seen in the left foreground, and the shooting lodge (right), on the north-east shore of the loch, will be submerged.

MORE SCOTTISH ELECTRIC POWER

The Breadalbane Hydro-Electric Project Begins to Take Shape

The North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board continues to add to its imaginative, vast-scale schemes for bringing electric power to all parts of the Highlands. On this page are pictures from Glen Lyon and Glen Lednock of the start of two sections of the Breadalbane project in Perthshire. Amendments to the original plans for Glen Lyon have just been confirmed. Water is now to be collected from the Killin catchment area and piped across Glen Lochay, to a reservoir at Lubreoch, in Glen Lyon. A large dam will be built here, and Loch Lyon will be the reservoir.

THE SITE OF A 1,700-FT.-LONG DAM : Excavations have begun at Lubreoch, in Glen Lyon. The dam will be 100 ft. high. This part of the Breadalbane Scheme will be supplied by the Killin catchment area to produce 313,000,000 units annually.

SHAPING THE FUTURE FOR ELECTRIC POWER : A crane works on the scarred line of the foundations of the Lednock dam. This is another section of the Breadalbane project. A temporary aqueduct, centre right, carries the River Lednock over the workings.

LAYING THE FOUNDATIONS AT GLEN LEDNOCK : Concrete is poured into the foundations of the dam. Beyond the dam, when it is complete, a new loch will be formed and water carried by tunnel to the generating station at Loch Earn.

PRESERVING FINCHINGFIELD

Any Modern Additions to this Village in Essex Must Not Mar its Attraction as One of the Beauty Spots of England

Essex, lying along the north of the Thames Estuary, is one of the most fascinating counties of England. Much of East London lies in it. For instance, the county's boundary is crossed at West Ham or Walthamstow over the River Lee (over which the original "broken-down" London Bridge of the nursery rhyme probably ran). Yet it is quite wrong to think of Essex as urban. The major part contains some of the finest and solitary villages which preserve the English tradition.

Such a small community is Finchingfield. It lies north-east of Bishop's Stortford, mid-way between Saffron Walden and Braintree. Life here centres round the village green, as it has done for centuries. From the church above it, the street winds past the grass and over a bridge above the pond to the end of the village beyond. Houses and cottages, most of which must have been old when they were seen by Gainsborough or Constable, are the back- and side-cloths to this scene, a setting which even to the most casual eye is England and part of the English heritage.

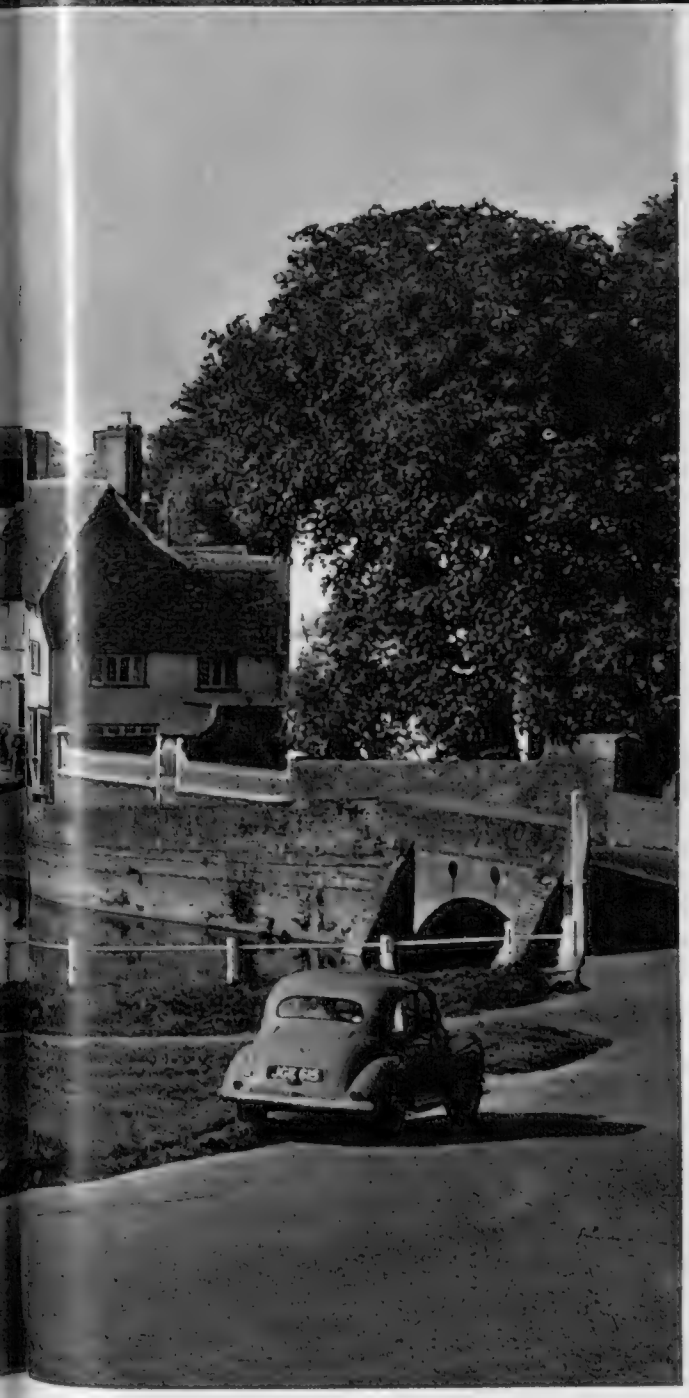
The west doorway of the church—dedicated to St. John the Baptist—is Norman, and so is the flinted tower above it. It had a spire which was blown down in 1658. The remainder of the building is chiefly fourteenth or fifteenth century. One of the monuments inside is to William Kemp in the early seventeenth century, who kept voluntary silence for seven years.

Kemp lived in Spains Hall, the large red-brick manor of the village, which still stands in its grounds of some hundred acres and was built in the reign of Henry VIII. Now it is the seat of the Ruggles-Brise family. Finchingfield also has several other ancient manors or halls, to-day mainly farmhouses. Yet if England did not grow and develop, her greatness would be lost. Even comparatively small parishes such as Finchingfield must increase their inhabitants and enterprise, or perish. There are modern council houses in the village, but they are discreetly hidden from the view of the visitor who looks here for the England the twentieth century has inherited.

The latest annual report of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, published last month, mentions plans for building further new houses in Finchingfield. It stresses the need for "very careful consideration," regarding new housing in this "very attractive" village. It has discussed the matter with the Rural District Council of Braintree, the local authority for Finchingfield. The Council for the Preservation of Rural England is naturally anxious to keep this beauty-spot unspoilt. It considers that in any plans the assistance of the Fine Art Commission should be sought. On its side, the Braintree Council, according to its Clerk, will be only too glad to accept this advice—if and when it can obtain a site for building new council houses in Finchingfield.

On right—
FROM THE VILLAGE GREEN TO THE CHURCH: The flint tower of St. John the Baptist's, Finchingfield, looks over a traditional English scene of old houses and cottages of various periods round the green.

Below—
THE ESSEX VILLAGE OF FINCHINGFIELD: Beneath the green lies the pond, with an inn at the head of the street beyond. Plans for new housing in such surroundings require very careful consideration.



THE OLD GUILDHALL: *Above*, it is seen from the churchyard, and *below*, the other side faces one of the inns in Finchingfield. A big, early seventeenth-century house in the village is Spains Hall, the seat of the Ruggles-Brise family. There are several other old manors, now mainly farms.

MEMORIES OF A BYGONE ERA—THE RED SAILS OF THE BARGES ON THE THAMES: Four of the six starters for the annual Thames sailing-barge race held last week. From left are *Cambria*, *Westmorland*, *Dreadnought*, which won the restricted staysail class, and *Revival*. The fifty-mile race takes the picturesque sailing-barges from the Lower Hope, below Gravesend, to the North Oaze Buoy, beyond Southend, and back. This year saw a thrilling tussle between last year's winner, *Sara*, and *Sirdar*. The latter was eight minutes behind at North Oaze, but tacking on the way home she gradually overhauled her rival and just won by 1 min. 52 secs. The winning time was nearly 7¾ hours. At the turn of the century, when the Thames was full of trading barges propelled only by sail, there were over 3,000 of them. To-day there are barely thirty, scattered in yards on the Thames and in the Medway. Last year eight barges started for the sailing race; this year there were only six.

SPRITSAILS ON THE THAMES

The Picturesque Annual Race from Gravesend to the Estuary and Back for the Old Sailing-Barges, which are Gradually Becoming Extinct

THE FAVOURITE IN THE LEAD: *Sara*, last year's winner, is owned by F. T. Everard and Sons, of Greenhithe. This 53-year-old sailing-barge, favourite for the race, looked like winning until the last stages.

THE CHAMPION BOWSPRIT BARGES IN FULL SAIL: *Cambria*, followed by *Sara*, at the start of the fifty-mile-race from Gravesend to the Thames Estuary and back. *Cambria* came third in the champion bowsprit barge class, more than forty-eight minutes behind the first two vessels home.

THE WINNER: *Sirdar*, owned by the London and Rochester Trading Company, was the oldest barge competing, being built in 1898. Her owners spent £3,000 this year on refitting her for the sailing race.

FROM COWES TO CHERBOURG—THE ISLAND SAILING CLUB'S ANNUAL RACE: The three leaders at the start of the race are closehauled on the port tack. *Cynthia* (Commander Ritchie and Major Trebor) is to leeward, with *Bacchante* (Captain R. St. A. Malleson), in the centre, and *Fresh Breeze* (Uffa Fox), in the weather berth. This annual race, which starts yachts off on a Whitsuntide cruise round the Normandy coast, was won by Lieut.-Colonel R. G. F. Scholfield's *Fandango*.

The Yachting Year

TUNING UP

Yachts and Crew are Hardened in the Early Season Races and in the Regattas Planned for July

By UFFA FOX

WITH A PAINTING BY MONTAGUE DAWSON

And Photographs by Beken of Cowes

At this time of the year, racing is in full swing. Throughout June and July the tempo of sailing is increasing, and vessels, their gear, their helmsmen and crews, are all improving so that by early August everything will have reached a high state of perfection. From then on, although the crews and helmsmen go on getting better, the gear aboard a great many vessels begins to suffer through wear. In the interest of economy, most owners these days, with the season drawing to a close, tend to make whatever gear they have last for the rest of the season, by end-for-ending halyards and sheets and so freshening the nip wherever possible.

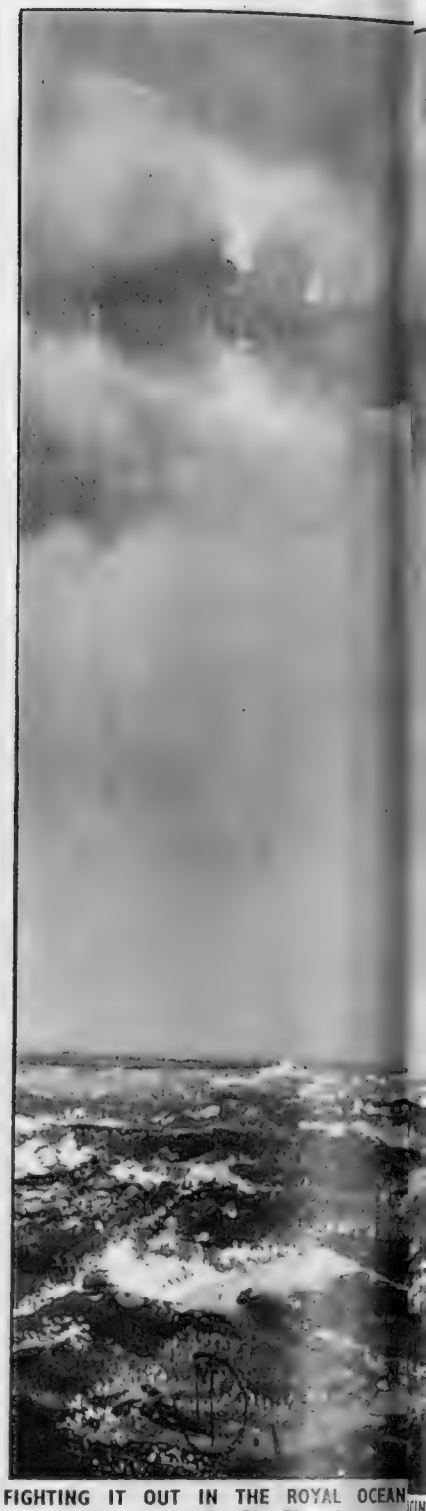
At the end of last month the Royal Ocean Racing Club held its Southsea to Harwich race to collect the south coast yachts for the race from Harwich to Hook of Holland. This second North Sea race was split into three classes. In Class I *Olivier Van Noort*, a cutter owned by A. W. Goudriaan, won the Haaks Cup, although *Foxhound*, owned by the Hon. Mrs. R. Pitt-Rivers, led the fleet home. In the Class II race *Wyvern II*, a sloop owned by W. R. Murdoch, won the Goeree Cup, while the Maas Cup for the Class III was won by the yawl *Tulla*, owned by S. de Wit.

In the Channel, the Island Sailing and Parkstone Sailing Clubs have had their annual races to Cherbourg, which start yachts

(*Concluded on following pages*)

INTERNATIONAL ONE DESIGNS WITH THEIR SPINNAKERS SET TO CATCH A LIGHT EASTERLY BREEZE: These boats, competing at Cowes in one of the Royal Corinthian Y.C.'s races, are seen at their best in strong winds, when their powerful hulls enable them to sail at high speeds. Leading here is *Susie* (D. McCowen), 6, followed by *Bombero* (C. Peto Bennet), 1, *Tadpole* (E. B. N. Mitchell), 8, *Pirate II* (H. S. Broom), 11, *Flirt* (A. P. Costain), 2, and *Windflower* (F. G. Mitchell), 10. *Tadpole* won this particular race, with *Pirate II* second and *Susie* third. These three have been the most consistent International One Designs racing in June.

THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB'S 6-METRE HAS MADE AN IMPRESSIVE START TO HER FIRST SEASON: *Royal Thames* off Cowes with her mainsail well off and her spinnaker set. She is all ready for the next move, as her large, overlapping jib has been set in stops, ready to be broken out in an instant. This new yacht has quickly proved herself, winning all her early races.



FIGHTING IT OUT IN THE ROYAL OCEAN ... the Hon. Mrs. R. Pitt-Rivers' cutter, ... well. Astern comes G. P. Pattinson's

THE NEW DRAGON WHICH HAS ALREADY MADE HER MARK: *Tania* has shown great promise in the early races of the season, and when tuned up will seldom be out of the prize-list. She is owned jointly by Kenneth H. Preston, who is one of our leading helmsmen, and John Raymond.

TUNING UP

(*Concluded from previous page*)

off on their Whitsun cruise round the Normandy coast and the Channel Islands. The Island Sailing Club's race from Cowes was won by Lieut.-Colonel R. G. F. Scholfield's sloop *Fandango*. Second place went to *Zillah* (R. F. Haworth) and third was *Taiseer V* (R. J. F. Barton). The race from Parkstone was split into two classes. Class A was won by D. A. C. Bull's *Swan of Arden*, and Class B by *Puckinyani* (W. G. Benjafield).

These races were followed by the Royal Ocean Racing Club's and Royal Thames Yacht Club's race to Cherbourg. The twenty-three yachts which started at Southsea encountered heavy weather, and only six of them finished the race. The two classes of the largest yachts competed for the Morgan Cup, and Class III, for yachts of 19 to 27-ft. rating, for the Queenborough Cup. The winner in Class I was the Lloyd's Yacht Club's *Lutine*, in a corrected time of 34 hrs. 17 mins. 0.1 sec. She was followed by *Jocasta* (G. P. Pattinson). Class II was won by *Fandango* (Lieut.-Colonel Scholfield) in a time nearly five hours slower than *Lutine's*, but still over five hours ahead of the second yacht in the class, R. E. Smith's *Maid of Pligh*. Thus for the second time in a fortnight *Fandango* entered Cherbourg as the winner of a cross-Channel race. The Queenborough Cup winner was *Alexandra* (P. Whitehead); *Right Royal* (Royal Engineer Yacht Club) came second.

This last week-end there began at noon, on June 18, a race from Dartmouth, in Devon, to Gibraltar. This is one of the outstanding races of the year, because it takes all the vessels a thousand miles south into warmer waters, and from Gibraltar they can then go cruising into the Mediterranean or across the Atlantic. Although down in these latitudes the summer days are much shorter, the weather is far gentler and warmer.

Further north on July 1 there is a race from Kiel, in the Baltic, to Marstrand, on the west coast of Sweden, and on July 2 there is the Irish Sea race from Anglesey to Cork—an interesting and exciting race, for once clear of Anglesey, you have the bold Irish coast close aboard to fear and also to delight in.

Two weeks after this there is the race from Cowes to Dinard (close to St. Malo). This again is an exciting race because of the great rise and fall and strength of the tidal streams once the vessels reach and sail down past the Channel Islands into the bight of the Bay of St. Malo. Here there is a 40-ft. rise and fall to the tide.

Meanwhile, the American yachts are racing across the Atlantic and round the North of Scotland to the Norwegian and Swedish coasts. Many of them will be sailing south to race in Cowes Week, as a final tuning up for the Fastnet race.

At the same time, regattas for afternoon racing are being held all round the coast of the British Isles. In the north the earlier races lead up to the Clyde Week from Saturday, July 2, with the Royal Northern Yacht Club, and finish with the Royal Yacht Club's Regatta on Saturday, July 9, with the cruisers racing round the Isle of Man, the Isle of Arran, and Ailsa Craig.

In the north-east the Forth Week started on June 11 and ended June 19. While Tay Week (a short week) is from June 25 to 29. Here the three Royal Yachts meet: the *Britannia*, the *Bluebottle* and the *Cowslip*. *Britannia* is arriving from Scandinavian waters with the Royal Family on board.

In the south-east the Thames Estuary clubs, starting at Southend, gradually worked up vessels and crews to the three days of the Lowestoft Regatta from June 17 to 19 under the Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Clubs.

ICING CLUB'S NORTH SEA RACE FROM HARWICH TO HOOK OF HOLLAND—A PAINTING BY MONTAGUE DAWSON: At this stage of the race the black hull and tan sails of rhound are seen leading Lloyd's Yacht Club's yawl, *Lutine*. Both vessels have their genoa and full mainsail set to the smart breeze, and *Lutine* has her mizzen set as itter, *ocasta*. These yachts were racing for the Haaks Challenge Cup. Though *Foxhound* led the fleet home, the Cup was won by the Dutch cutter, *Olivier van Noort*.

he Lower Thames have a rally on June 25 nd 26 whilst cruisers race in the Cork and ink, Dover and Calais races. All the North a races demand a high degree of navigaonal skill because of the outlying dangers ays found off flat land.

In the south and on the Solent are und the best fleets of International racers -6 metres, 5.5's are hardly found anywhere xcept on the Solent. A great deal of interest aroused by the two new 5.5's. *Vision*, wned by Colonel Perry and designed by obb, has shown up best, being consistently econd to the seasoned *Hank*, who had reased her stability by chopping off her ter-end and putting the weight saved by s into her lead keel. The same story ds true through most of the classes. ny of the older boats have had their speed led to, in some way or another, and the ver ones cannot expect to come to top rm until the season is more advanced. r example, to return to *Vision*, the picture the bottom of this page shows how her ainsail, although not fully stretched, is out its black bands. It still needs tightening the luff and foot, and so will have to be smaller. This is one of the main trials d tribulations of new boats, for if sails not made up to size the vessel loses rough lack of area; while when well up size, you take the risk of a sail being too ge when stretched, as is *Vision's*.

Then there is also the new *Yeoman*, owned Owen Aisher and designed and built by icholson; the new Royal Thames syndicate metre *Royal Thames*, designed by David yd, whilst the new Royal Corinthian metre, designed and built by Bjarne Aas, delayed on board ship through a dock ke and she has yet to show her true pace. two new Dragons go on improving and possibly not be tuned up until Cowes ek

To the south-west it is the same story, of the season starting quietly along the coast of Devon, Cornwall, Somerset and Wales, with gradual increasing tempo and ability on the parts of vessels and crews. Inland also there is sailing in ever-increasing numbers as the season builds up to the summer holidays.

The first championship of the year, that of the Flying Fifteens, was held at Plymouth from June 6 until June 10. Nineteen yachts took part. It was won comfortably by E. Furguson, in *Fleet*; so comfortably, in fact, that he exercised his right, under the Olympic rules which were prevailing, to discard a race. He won the Southern Championship at Chichester last year. Second was *Scattered Foam* (A. Long), and third the Duke of Edinburgh's *Coweslip*, sailed by Uffa Fox.

The sailing season in the British Isles is a hard one. People continually complain of our climate, but the climate of these Isles is a good one, for it is never really hot and very seldom cold, in spite of the long summer days which, at times, have glaring sun, and the bitter winds of winter. However, you cannot have a skating championship without ice and neither can you sail yachts without wind. I know of no better sailing and testing grounds for vessels and gear than the waters round the British Isles. We are in a high latitude (the latitude of Labrador) where westerly winds predominate. Thus we are on the lee side of the Atlantic and the waves and westerly winds that come to us have the whole of the Atlantic in which to build up.

Vessels, gear and those on board must consequently be stout to endure these conditions; over-masted and over-canvassed vessels do not prosper here. Very few countries *sail* to the extent that we do. We should, in fact, be thankful for our blustery westerlies, which enable us to sail, rather than drift, round our coasts and courses.

A NEW 5.5-METRE TUNES UP: When this picture of *Vision*, owned and sailed by Lieut.-Colonel R. S. G. Perry, was taken, she had not yet found her true form, for her mainsail still needed tightening on the luff and foot and had to be cut smaller. Throughout June, however, she improved steadily.

TESTING TO DESTRUCTION—A BRITANNIA AIRLINER UNDERGOES FATIGUE TESTS IN THE WATER-TANK AT FARNBOROUGH: The four-engined airliner is seen in the tank, its wings protruding from the sides. This method of testing will ensure that an aircraft meets the structural fatigue requirements of the Air Registration Board. The tank tests not only enable the wings to go through many thousands of hours of simulated flight, but also test the strength of the pressurised cabin. The Britannia is the first airliner to undergo a tank test before entering service. It was by this means that the two Comet disasters last year were found to have been caused through a failure in the pressurised cabin. During the tests, the tank and the fuselage are filled with water, then more water is pumped into the fuselage so that the pressure inside is greater than that outside, as it would be when the airliner was flying at cruising height. At the same time, the wings are moved up and down to simulate the stresses and strains which would be encountered in flight.

THE FUSELAGE INSIDE THE WATER-TANK: The problems of metal fatigue are not yet fully understood by scientists, and no reliable calculation of the life of a metal under the peculiar conditions of flight to-day can be made. The water-tank test is one of the most certain methods of determining the life of a metal.

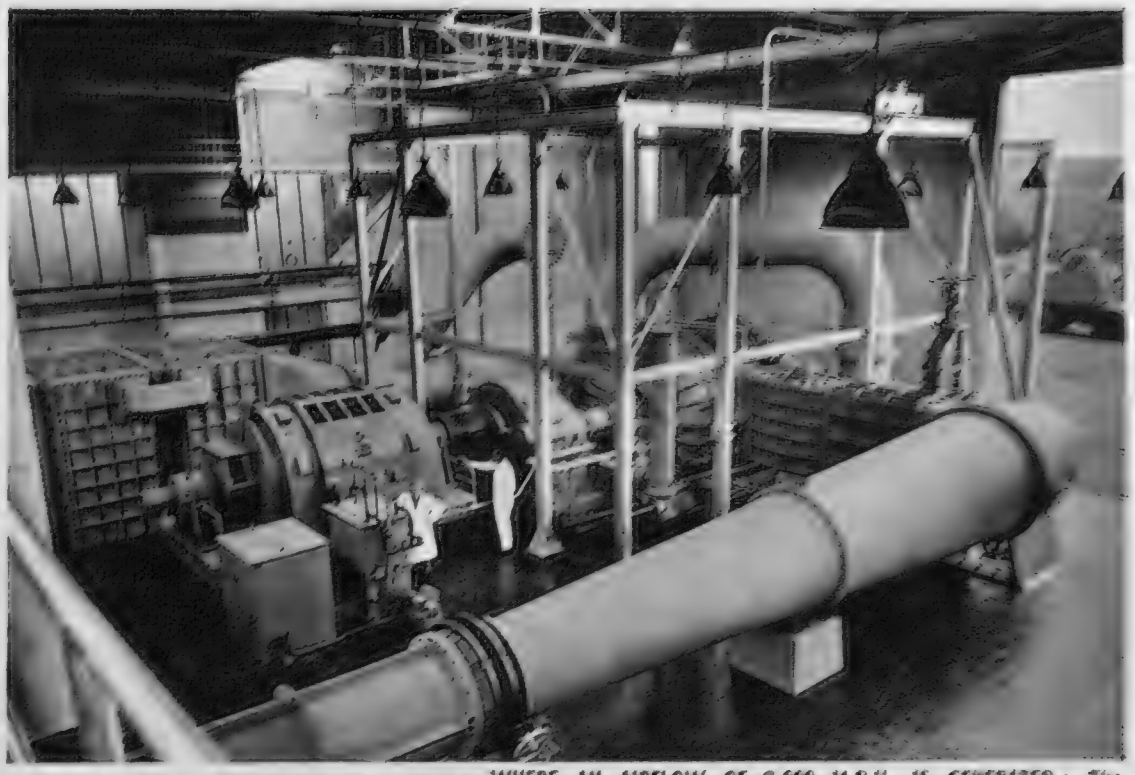
Progress in the Air

RESEARCH AND TESTING

An Important New Airliner Undergoes Tests to Ensure Safety, and a Supersonic Wind-tunnel Built by Private Enterprise

WHERE THE WING PROTRUDES FROM THE TANK: The gap in the tank is sealed by an inflated rubber bag which allows the wing limited movement and prevents water leakage.

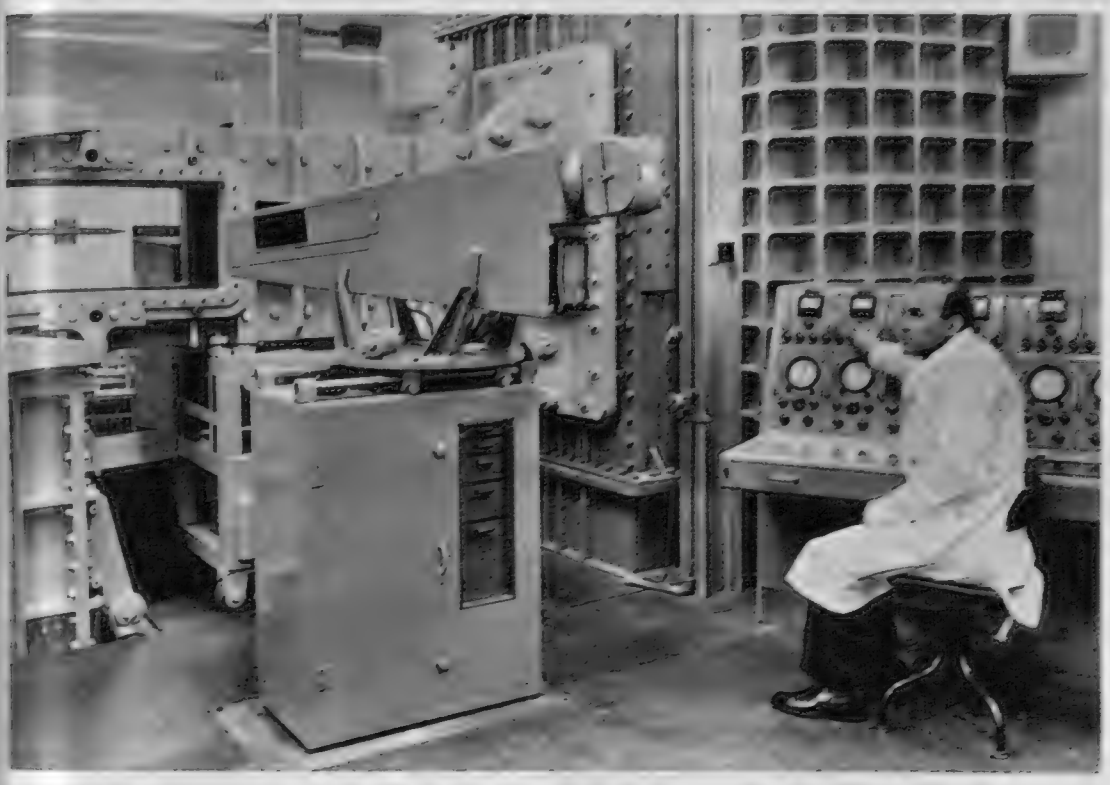
WIND-TUNNEL FOR RESEARCH ON 2,000-M.P.H. GUIDED MISSILES: Dr. William Frank Hilton, Chief Aerodynamicist of Armstrong Whitworth, adjusts a model of a guided missile in the Hawker Siddeley Group's new wind-tunnel which was opened last week at Whitley, near Coventry. The wind-tunnel is one of the most advanced of its type in the world and was designed by Dr. Hilton.



WHERE AN AIRFLOW OF 2,000 M.P.H. IS GENERATED: *The 10,000-h.p. electric motor which drives the air compressors can be seen behind the two men. The two tank-like structures behind are the coolers. Towards the right are the compressors which supply air for the test section which is a continuation of the pipe running off towards the left.*

The new Mach III wind-tunnel built by the Hawker Siddeley Group cost about £200,000, and when the 10,000-h.p. electric motor is running it will consume the equivalent of about one-tenth of Coventry's peak electricity supply. But despite these impressive figures the tunnel is believed to be the most economical of its type in the world. The air it consumes costs about 11d. a ton compared with 5s. a ton, the previous best claimed by Sweden. It is the first wind-tunnel of its kind in which every component has been specially designed.

Reaching air-speeds of around 2,000 m.p.h., the new tunnel will prove invaluable not only in testing models of the new generation of fighter aircraft and engines, but will play a most important part in the development of guided missiles. It has been built in the heart of a guided missile plant. At 2,000 m.p.h. continual motion through the air generates heat which distorts metal and makes air-breathing engines as they are to-day unusable. Because the Hawker Siddeley tunnel can supply a continual flow of air at three times the speed of sound, it will provide important information on the "heat barrier." Testing-time will be let out to the Government and to the aircraft industry generally, and it is expected that the tunnel will be self-supporting. The cost of hiring it will be about £100 for an hour. The great amount of electricity consumed will limit the use of the tunnel to off-peak periods.



On left—

WHERE RESULTS CAN BE SEEN: *The model guided missile can be seen in the working section of the tunnel. Trained on the inspection window is a Schlieren camera which can photograph the shock-waves caused by the 2,000-m.p.h. flow of air.*

OW THE WING OF THE BRITANNIA FLAPS WHILE UNDER TEST: The amount of movement induced by the row of hydraulic jacks is that which would be encountered only when *maximum* strain is imposed on the wings during actual flight. By continually imposing a maximum strain, the testing-time is considerably shortened. This method of wing-testing has been in use for some years, but only during the last year has it been used in conjunction with the comprehensive tank test.

IN THE AIR

Air News from Canada, Italy and Denmark, and the Le Bourget International Air Show

ANOTHER JOB FOR THE HELICOPTER : An American Bell 47 G helicopter hovers over Vordingborg Castle, in Denmark, while a maintenance worker leans from the cabin to give the golden goose, on top of the tower, a quick clean-up with a mop. In previous years, the goose has had to be brought down from the 100-ft. tower before being cleaned.

BACK TO THE AUTOGIRO : Looking like some mechanical grasshopper, this small, privately-built Italian aircraft has been nicknamed the "Flying Scooter." Built on the autogiro principle, it can take-off and land with a run of only 50 yards. The inventor claims that it would sell at about £500 if produced in large numbers.

SPREADING WINGS AT THE TWENTY-FIRST INTERNATIONAL AIR SHOW AT LE BOURGET : The Hurel Dubois transport aircraft, which was one of the French exhibits at the Show. This model, the HD-32, is one of two production aircraft which have been ordered by the French Government.

With the twenty-first anniversary of the International Air Show at le Bourget, it would appear that the French aircraft industry is itself beginning to "grow up." For the first time in many years there is a substantial number of production aircraft among the French exhibits. France has for long been criticised for being able to produce an endless and amazing variety of prototypes and research models but falling down on production. Much interest centred around British exhibits, which included the Avro Vulcan delta-winged bomber, the large Bristol 173 helicopter and a Bristol Britannia. British exhibits came second in number to those of France. A feature of the Paris Show is the comparisons it makes possible between similar aircraft from different countries. One stand displays, side by side, models of the Handley-Page Herald transport and the Dutch Fokker Friendship. Both these transport aircraft are scheduled to make their maiden flights this year, and they may well become rivals for commercial service on routes in many parts of the world.

GEOPHYSICAL RESEARCH FROM THE AIR : An amphibian version of the Catalina flying-boat flies over the Montreal River Sault Ste. Marie, in Ontario. Electrical equipment enabling the aircraft to undertake ore-magnetic surveys is housed inside and outside the fuselage. The heavy wires running from the wings to the fin are transmitting coils, and towed behind is a receiving coil. The small spike projecting below the rudder carries a magnetometer. Two of these aircraft have been fitted out as flying laboratories, and will carry out a survey of some 220,000 square miles of Arctic regions.

On left—

FRENCH AVIATION LOOKS AHEAD : Two models at the International Air Show demonstrate how an annular or circular wing might be used with a jet engine or propeller turbine to achieve vertical take-off and then forward flight. They are shown by Bureau Technique Zborowski, which, with the S.N.E.C.M.A. Company, has been conducting research along these lines for several years. At the top is a jet-propelled interceptor. The engine is housed in the fuselage. The lower model shows a civilian version driven by two contra-rotating turbo-propellers. It is planned to carry six passengers.

A DIMINUTIVE BUT DAINTY DELTA : The Payen Katy, another French exhibit at Le Bourget. M. Payen, the designer, was building delta-winged aircraft before the war. This, his first post-war venture, is powered by a jet engine, and has a top speed of 310 m.p.h.

A SHIPPING MISCELLANY

British Trawlers for Russia; A New German Sea-Rescue Ship; Holland's Biggest Merchantman; Japan Sends Her Latest Cargo Liner to London; and Adventure on the High Seas

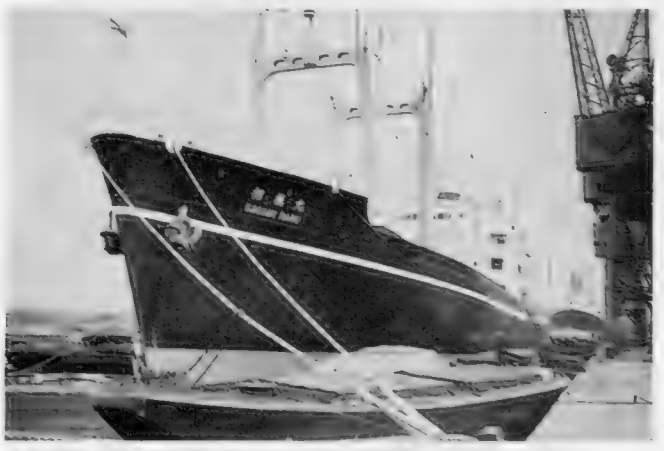
BY LIFEBOAT TO NEW ZEALAND—FOUR MEN ARRANGE A SIX-MONTH TRIP FROM CORNWALL: The converted lifeboat is named the *Happy Return*, and is here seen on trials off Falmouth with the crew and friends aboard. The crew is composed of four men who arranged to set sail from Mylor Dockyard, near Penryn, last Monday. They anticipate that the journey to New Zealand will take them about six months.

On left—

THE CREW OF THE CONVERTED LIFEBOAT: The four members of the *Happy Return* from left are—J. Baden-Powell, R. Coley, W. Kelsall (ship's engineer) and T. St. Hill-Ackland (the skipper).

THE LAUNCH OF THE FIRST TRAWLER TO BE BUILT FOR RUSSIA BY A BRITISH YARD SINCE THE WAR: The *Pioner*, first of twenty trawlers ordered for Russia under a £6,000,000 contract, enters the water from the South Shipyard of Brooke Marine Ltd., at Lowestoft, Suffolk. She was launched by Mme. Sofia Soloviev, wife of a member of a visiting Soviet trade delegation. The *Pioner*, which has a loaded displacement of 1,300 tons, is specially designed for operating in ice in the extreme north at temperatures down to minus 30 degrees Centigrade. 189 ft. long, she is the largest vessel ever built on the east coast.

A NEW GERMAN SEA-RESCUE SHIP FOR THE NORTH SEA: The *Hermann Apelt* leaves Bremen for a visit to Portugal, where she was shown to the public for the first time. She is 66 ft. long and 15 ft. wide, and reaches a capacity speed of 17 knots.



JAPAN'S MOST MODERN CARGO LINER VISITS LONDON: A bow view of the 11,000-ton *Sagami Maru* as she lay in the West India Dock after her arrival in London. Objects of her visit to England were to impress British business-men in the hope that they will transport more goods in Japanese ships and place orders for Japanese-built ships.

On left—

THE BIGGEST SHIP EVER BUILT IN HOLLAND: The whaling factory ship *Willem Barendsz II* (26,500 tons deadweight), which has just been completed at the Wilton-Fyenoord yard at Schiedam, near Rotterdam, is the biggest ship of the Dutch merchant fleet. She was expected to leave the yard to undergo her first trial run last Monday.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

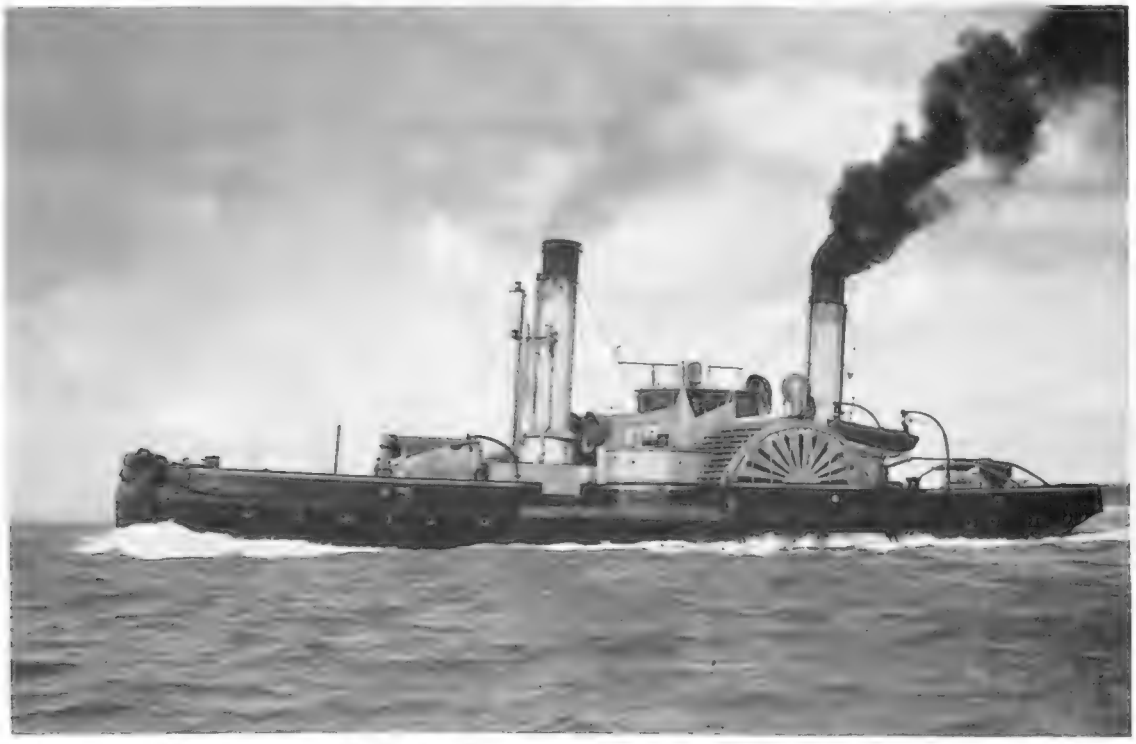
A FRENCH DESTROYER SAILS UP THE THAMES: The *Surcouf* is seen moored at Greenwich, where she arrived last week for a four-day visit to London. Named after a famous French privateer of the eighteenth century, the *Surcouf* is one of the ships which come under the new N.A.T.O. classification of "Fleet Escorts." The destroyer was completed in 1953 and carries electronic and anti-submarine equipment.

Below—

PIPING THE CAPTAIN ON BOARD: Captain L. V. A. Deroo of the *Surcouf* comes aboard his ship while she is moored at Greenwich. Captain Deroo supervised the fitting-out of the vessel and took over her command as soon as she was commissioned in 1953.

MINESWEEPERS NEATLY LINED UP AT ST. CATHERINE DOCKS ON THE THAMES: From left to right are H.M. Coastal Minesweepers *Alcaston*, *Calton*, *Ilmington* and *Bevington*. The ships, from the 104th and 105th Minesweeping Squadrons of Nore Command, were on a five-day routine visit to the Thames. The minesweepers come from a large class comprising over eighty ships: all are named after English villages.

BY LAND-ROVER TO AFGHANISTAN: Three members of the Cambridge expedition to an uncharted region of Afghanistan are seen at Southend before leaving on their 5,500-mile drive across Europe and Asia. They will make a complete geological-botanical survey in Kaffiristan, an uncharted region, and will also try to locate a 24,000-ft. mountain.



PADDLE-TUGS FOR THE NAVY ONCE AGAIN: The *Volatile*, one of the ten old paddle-tugs still used in naval dockyards, is fifty-six years old. The latest paddle-tug in service with the Navy was built in 1916. For some years this type of ship had been losing favour, but now the Admiralty announces that seven new diesel-electric paddle-tugs are to be built. It has been discovered that this type of tug is the most useful for moving aircraft-carriers and other warships through dock entrances and other confined spaces.

A LITERARY LUNCHEON FOR MR. SHINWELL: He is seen (on right in the picture) with Lord Hore-Belisha and Mr. Clement Attlee at the luncheon which was held at the Dorchester Hotel, London, to mark the publication of Mr. Shinwell's autobiography, *Conflict Without Malice*.

ECK AND NECK IN THE TRACTION ENGINE DERBY: Lumbering clumsily but surely towards the winning-post, these three engines were taking part in a race at the Rally organised by the National Traction Engine Club at Bridge Farm, Appleford, near Abingdon, Berkshire. From left to right are a 1902 Marshal and a 1920 Fowler owned by Mr. A. C. Napper, and a 1932 Burrell owned by Mr. L. C. Parris. A large number of these engines are owned by enthusiasts. A few days after the Rally, twenty-six traction engines and steam-rollers, belonging to the collection of the late Mr. Lambert, were auctioned for a total of £2,207 10s. All but two of the engines were sold to collectors.

THE LARGEST BUILDING EQUIPMENT EXHIBITION TO BE HELD IN SCOTLAND: A general view of the Exhibition, organised by the Ministry of Works, on the Queenslie Industrial Estate at Glasgow. There were more than sixty exhibits, including some of the latest equipment designed for earth-moving and other building tasks. It is estimated that the equipment on show could increase output by 50 per cent. in house-building operations.

SHEE -SHEARING CONTEST AT ROMNEY MARSH, IN KENT: Neatly-shorn sheep in the fore-gr nd appear indifferent to the fate of their colleagues. The competitions, which were op n to Kent and Sussex farmers, were organised by the Romney Marsh branch of the Na ional Farmers' Union. The greater part of Romney Marsh is used for sheep-farming.

A MODEL OF SKYSCRAPERS WHICH ARE PLANNED FOR LONDON: This block of skyscrapers, the tallest twenty-seven stories high, may be built on a site in the City bounded by Aldersgate, Barbican, Jewin Street and Redcross Street. The Hammerson Investment Trust are to go ahead with the project as soon as the plans have been passed by the Planning authorities.

FTEENTH-CENTURY CLOCK TOWER IN TWENTIETH-CENTURY SURROUNDINGS: The St. George's Clock Tower in Canterbury, which was severely damaged during the war, has now been restored and new mechanism installed in the clock. The tower is considered to be an important feature of the new Canterbury.

THE RESTORATION AND CLEANING OF A GEORGIAN TERRACE IN BATH: A view along the Paragon, one of the Georgian terraces in Bath where stonework is being cleaned and windows repainted. The methods of cleaning the stonework have given rise to some protests in the correspondence columns of *The Times*. Where the stone has been badly tarnished by soot, the surface has been chiselled off to give a fresh appearance. This, say some correspondents, ruins the appearance of the stone.

THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY WELSH CASTLE WHICH IS OPEN TO THE PUBLIC: A view of the east range of Chirk Castle, near Wrexham, with the gardens surrounding it. Built more than 600 years ago, the castle was extensively restored at the end of the seventeenth century, when over £30,000 was said to have been spent on it. The castle, which has now received two Ministry of Works grants for further restoration, is open to the public on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays during the summer.

THE GREAT SALOON: On the wall hang Mortlake tapestries which were purchased in 1674 for less than £50. The Mortlake tapestry industry only lasted from 1619 to 1703. In the background can be seen a harpsichord, dated 1742, which bears the name of the maker, Schudi.

A GUARDIAN OF THE NORTHERN MARCHES

The Old Castle at Chirk, Near Wrexham, which Contains Some of the Best Work of Seventeenth- and Eighteenth-century Craftsmen, has Received Another Government Grant

Chirk Castle, at Wrexham, Denbighshire, has received a second grant from the Ministry of Works towards a further programme of repairs. The first phase of the restoration work, for which a grant was made last year, has now been completed.

The main structure of this historic Welsh border castle remains practically as it was when it was originally built in the fourteenth century by Roger Mortimer. The original southern side of the quadrangular building, however, was probably replaced in the sixteenth century. After Roger Mortimer died in the Tower in 1326, the castle changed hands several times. Edward IV conferred it on his Cheshire partisan, Sir John Stanley, who was later beheaded for his part in Perkin Warbeck's rising in 1495. The property was seized by the Crown, and in 1537 Henry VIII granted it to Sir Thomas Seymour, brother of his third wife, Jane, and later the husband of his widow, Catherine Parr. Seymour, too, died on the scaffold, and in 1563 Chirk was given by Elizabeth to Leicester, her favourite. In 1595 the castle was purchased by Sir Thomas Myddelton, the merchant adventurer who partnered Raleigh in his expeditions to the Spanish Main. The property has remained in the Myddelton family ever since, the present owner being Lieut.-Colonel Ririd Myddelton, M.V.O. With certain exceptions, the interior of the castle has been reconstructed in the last 300 years. Damage in the Civil War and redecoration in the eighteenth century have left little that is recognisably earlier than the alterations of the seventeenth century.

THE STATE DINING-ROOM: The decorations on the wall were carried out by Kilmerston, of Liverpool, in 1758-60. Above the Adam fireplace hangs a portrait of the notorious Anna Maria Countess of Shrewsbury.

RELICS OF THE AGE OF ELEGANCE IN A TUDOR CASTLE: The upstairs drawing-room contains much that is best in eighteenth-century furniture. Below the period chandelier is an Aubusson carpet. Against the wall are a Chinese lacquer cabinet of about 1750, and three Louis Quinze chairs.

THE LONG GALLERY : Seventeenth-century portraits abound in the 100-ft. gallery. The panelling was completed in 1678, when the bulk of the first restoration of Chirk Castle took place. The ceiling, however, was renewed by Pugin in 1837. The castle has been in the hands of the Myddelton family since 1595.

RESTORATION GIFT : This tortoise-shell and ebony cabinet, inlaid with hand-beaten silver, was presented to Sir Thomas Myddelton, the first baronet, by Charles II at the Restoration.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY WORK : This fireplace of 1837 in the Cromwellian Hall contrasts with the seventeenth-century handirons.

THE GREAT STAIRCASE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY : It was erected in about 1760 to replace the old oak stairs. It was about this time that the second restoration of Chirk took place.

THE OLD SERVANTS' HALL : It first came into use about 1790, after the restorations to the castle of that period, and it was last used in 1911. Over the fireplace is inscribed the injunction, "No noise nor strife nor swear at all But all be decent in the Hall." Only the summer visitors can observe this now.

THE OLD TUDOR STAIRCASE AT CHIRK : It is situated in the south range of the castle, and is one of the few parts of the original building to survive the restorations of later centuries.

AN AID FOR THE CIVIL DEFENCE

Anti-Aircraft Soldiers Find Another Job with the Defence Corps

When the dissolution of Anti-Aircraft Command is complete, it is expected that many officers and men will have volunteered for service in the Mobile Defence Corps. This body will act as a "2nd Echelon" to the Civil Defence Corps. Its method of working was well demonstrated in the exercise held at Epsom last week. Two platoons of the Mobile Defence Corps arrived on the scene while time-bombs were still exploding and many fires burning. The local defence workers who had been on the job for some time were nearing exhaustion. The M.D.C. commander was immediately in touch with local defence representatives and soon his men were at work among the rubble and fires. The hundred ex-soldiers came from the 259 and 489 (Cinque Port) Heavy A.A. Regiments, R.A., T.A. Sixty of them were volunteers whose average age was thirty-five. The remainder were National Servicemen. At the end of their training these officers and men will return home to form the nucleus of No. 1 Cinque Port Battalion Mobile Defence Corps, Army Emergency Reserve. They will thus preserve the title of their late Territorial regiments. The prefix, Cinque Port, was first used in 1859.

THE CIVIL DEFENCE CORPS' "2ND ECHELON" GOES TO WORK AT EPSOM: A casualty is lowered from a bombed building during an exercise held last week at the Mobile Defence Corps' training centre at Epsom. The officers and men taking part came from Heavy A.A. Regiments of the Royal Artillery Territorial Army which are to be disbanded.

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED RESCUE WORKER WEARS: Sergeant Ovenden, of Ashford, Kent, is seen in "Full Dress." His equipment includes an axe, saw, rope, gloves, goggles and steel helmet.

GETTING ON WITH THE JOB: The gunners appeared to enjoy their change of vocation. The purpose of the Mobile Defence Corps is to support local Civil Defence organisations if the situation becomes out of hand.

THE GENERAL INSPECTS: Major-General G. D. Blacker, Director of the Mobile Defence Corps, examines equipment. On the right is Mr. C. W. Newman, the chief instructor from the Home Office. *On left*—The "proprietor" of MacGregor's Stores is lowered by ladder from an upstairs window.

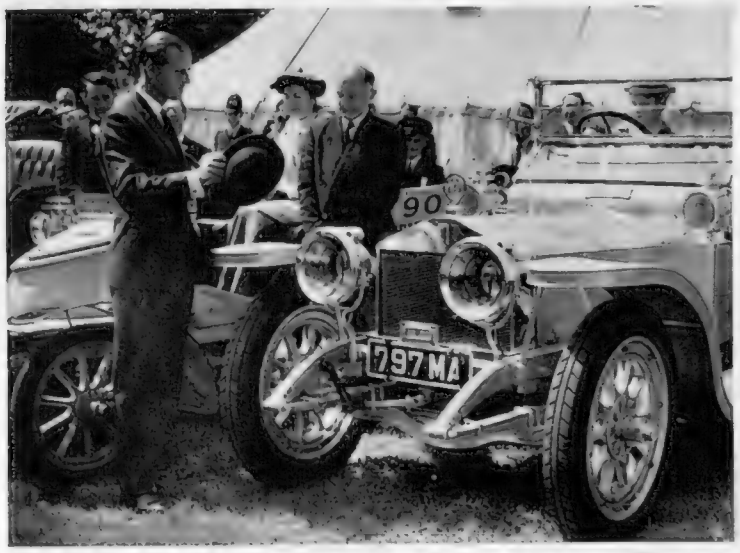
A CAVALCADE OF MOTORING

The Automobile Association Rally in Regent's Park

It was fitting that the Cavalcade of Motoring, organised by the Automobile Association as part of their Jubilee celebrations, should provide the public with one of the most comprehensive surveys of the history of the car. The 350 cars in the procession which drove past the Duke of Edinburgh ranged from the veterans of the first decade of this century to models which will be seen at this year's Motor Show.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who is President of the A.A., first of all inspected the cars in the assembly area and then met some of the men of the A.A. road patrols. The Duke was then conveyed in a Land-Rover to the "saluting" base in Chester Road, and watched the drive-past. The procession was headed by a patrolman of 1905, who wore a Norfolk jacket and rode a pedal-cycle. In addition to the historic and modern cars, the procession depicted scenes from the history of motoring, such as a 1903 "speed trap," and some of the outstanding landmarks in the long life of the A.A. The latter ranged from a collection of early A.A. roadside signs to the introduction of radio control. Foreign motoring organisations comparable to the A.A. were represented by patrol cars and service vans. The majority of countries follow the yellow-and-black colour scheme of the Automobile Association.

THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION CELEBRATES: A general view in Regent's Park, where a Cavalcade of Motoring was held to celebrate the A.A.'s Jubilee. The Duke of Edinburgh was present at a drive-past.

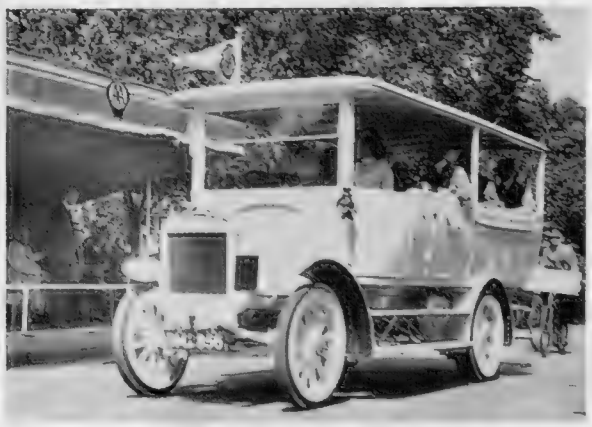


THE DUKE TAKES HIS HAT OFF: Prince Philip admires a 1907 model Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost, one of the most elegant cars in the drive-past. Some 350 vehicles took part in the procession.

PRINCE PHILIP INSPECTS: Riding in a Land-Rover, the Duke, who is President of the Association, inspects the famous patrol men. The parade was watched by thousands.

OVER FIFTY YEARS OLD AND STILL GOING: A 1904 Sunbeam chugs doggedly past the stand watched by the Duke of Edinburgh. Also in the procession were tableaux representing milestones in the fifty-years history of the Automobile Association and some aspects of the earlier days of motoring.

NEW ELIZABETHAN AND EDWARDIAN: The streamlined sleekness of the Buick Century makes a marked contrast with the angular 1913 Commer shooting brake, which carried a party in Edwardian costume.



125,000 MOTORISTS AWAIT THEIR TESTS

This Long Waiting-list is Made Necessary by the Shortage of Driving Examiners; Tragedy and Success at Le Mans; More About Britain's Roads

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE queue of men and women waiting to take their driving test gets longer and longer. At the moment there are 125,000 motorists awaiting a chance to throw away their "L" plates. And with the number of examiners as small as it is to-day, it represents a waiting period of two months.

The answer, of course, is more examiners. It is, however, easier to talk about this obvious remedy than to apply it. There are plenty of applicants for these jobs, but only a small percentage are suitable.

It seems that the pay is too small to attract the right type of man and the Society of Civil Servants is asking the Ministry of Transport for an increase.

In the London area the starting pay is only £9 11s. 6d. a week, rising to £11 9s. The Society wants it raised to £12 at the start, increasing to £13 19s.

"The Ministry has been obliged to advertise for 170 driving examiners, but after two competitions in one year they have still not succeeded in filling these 170 vacancies," said Mr. E. C. Redhead, general secretary of the Society.

"Unless something is done quickly to attract the right sort of people for this exacting job, the whole system of driving tests may be endangered. As it is, the examiners already 'in post' are being forced by the Ministry to work excessive overtime.

"This is already producing an increase in the rate of sick leave. Yet the queue still grows in both summer and winter."

According to the Civil Service Commission—quoted by the *Daily Telegraph*—the number of applicants for driving examiner posts is large, but only a small proportion have the necessary qualifications.

These include personality, tact and the ability to deal with many different types of people, from business chiefs to "awkward customers" at the other end of the scale.

The congratulations due to Mr. William Lyons on the success of his 3½-litre Jaguar sports car in the Le Mans 24-hour Grand Prix d'Endurance must inevitably be mixed with feelings of deep personal sympathy on the loss of his only son and of great sadness because of the disaster which occurred during the race.

Mr. Lyons' son, John Michael, was killed in a road accident in France while he was driving alone to Le Mans to watch the race. The catastrophe which marred the great sports-car event was caused when a Mercedes, with Pierre Levegh, of France, at the wheel, was in collision with another car.

It hit the bank and the front of the car appears to have come adrift. The engine and front axle, it is reported, hurtled through the air, cutting a wide swathe through the crowd of spectators thronging the enclosure in front of one of the grandstands. More than eighty of them were killed. So was Levegh.

Never before in the whole history of motor-racing has the sport been clouded by such a large-scale disaster. The body which controls the sport internationally will doubtless insist on more effective safety measures now that speeds have become so great.

When the two other Mercedes cars were withdrawn from the race on orders from the firm's headquarters at Stuttgart, they were in the lead, with the car of Stirling Moss and Juan Fangio out in front. But the Jaguar pack were hard on the heels of the German cars and the race was still almost as open as when it started.

With the "silver arrows" out of the running and no Ferraris left, the race lost much of its interest. In winning at the record average speed of 106·8 m.p.h. in a Jaguar which covered 2,569 miles, Mike Hawthorn was splendidly backed up by Ivor Bueb, his co-driver, who was not only competing at Le Mans for the first time, but was also taking part in his first big car race.

Although Bueb had been most successful in the small-car field—particularly with 500 cc. Formula Three Coopers—no one knew how he would respond to the demands of this high-speed race, with its endless hours of non-stop driving by day and night and the ever-present hazards of overtaking the smaller, slower cars in all kinds of road and weather conditions. Bueb did all that was expected of him—and more.

Britain captured the first three positions, with a 2·9-litre Aston-Martin (Peter Collins and Paul Frere) second, five laps behind, and a Belgian-entered Jaguar third. Hawthorn set up a new lap record of 121·9 m.p.h.

Hawthorn's Jaguar and Collins' Aston-Martin won the 3–5-litre and 3-litre classes respectively, and the immaculate Bristol team gained a 1–2–3 victory in the 2-litre class. German Porsches romped home in the 1½-litre class. Two of the three streamlined M.G.s competing in this class finished. The third M.G. crashed.

THE BRITISH VICTORS AT LE MANS: Mike Hawthorn (left) and his co-driver, Ivor Bueb, are seen after winning the 24-hour Le Mans Grand Prix d'Endurance in a 3½-litre Jaguar Sports Car, at the record average speed of 106·8 m.p.h. They covered 2,569 miles.

The rail strike has demonstrated unmistakably the immense value of the motor-car in Britain's transport. It has also given all of us an alarming pre-view of what traffic may be like *every day* in London and other big cities in a few years' time, unless something pretty drastic is done about it.

The big lessons of the strike-induced congestion in London are, to my mind, the need for adequate off-street parking in Central London (mainly by multi-storey garages) and at suburban railway stations; the need for extra police or uniformed traffic wardens at peak traffic hours; and the need for immediate improvements at many notorious bottle-necks, including black spots like the Elephant and Castle, Notting Hill Gate, Hammersmith, Hyde Park Corner and some of the Thames bridges.

Talking of black spots, I think credit is due to the British Road Federation for its new edition of that valuable booklet, *The Road Way to Safety*.

It gives details—with statistics, photographs and drawings—of many simple road improvements where lives are being saved in return for a small capital outlay. There are many more of these black spots yet to be rooted out, and they should be given as high a priority as the major schemes of new road construction.

The Roads Improvements Association has, I see, been putting its spoke into the wheel of criticism of Britain's roads. At its annual meeting in London the chairman, Mr. Wallace Riche, is reported as saying that our roads are still living on the semi-starvation diet imposed during the war.

"The road problem to-day," he said, "is purely and simply one of finance. There are no difficulties in obtaining supplies of labour, plant or materials." True!

I should imagine you could get very fond of the Hillman Californian. This twin-coloured hard-top with the wrap-around rear window is, indeed, one of the most attractive models in the Rootes Group range.

Basically, of course, it is similar to the Minx saloon, and is powered by the new perfectly "square" o.h.v. engine of 1,390 cc., but has only two doors. Motorists who are satisfied with the performance of the Minx, but who like their family car to be a bit "different," find the extra £40 (£56 with tax) well worth paying.

The basic price is £520, or £737 15s. with purchase tax added. I used a Californian recently for a trip to Yorkshire and did the journey in good time, with little fatigue and an overall fuel consumption of a gallon for every 32 miles.

I found the 4-cylinder engine agreeably quiet and flexible, the gear-change lever (mounted on the steering column) smooth and precise, the steering light and the brakes more than adequate.

The wide back view gives an excellent field of vision rearwards, and in this and a number of other respects the Californian is a safe car to drive.

But I wish the window-winding mechanism on the doors could be higher-geared, though, I suppose, that would be difficult with such wide, heavy panes of glass. The doors of the Californian are wide and heavy too, and sometimes take a bit of closing. It's a pity you can't get those windows down more quickly, because it is impossible to give a quick hand signal in an emergency when the window is shut.

I think readers might enjoy as much as I did a description of a ramshackle car which I came across the other day while reading Norman Lewis's *Golden Earth*—an excellent travel book, in which the author brilliantly describes his journeyings in Burma.

This pen portrait of a vehicle in which he travelled while in Burma is, I think, a gem. "The post-wagon," he writes, "was undoubtedly the most decrepit, the most exhausted vehicle in which I have ever travelled. It was a phantom from a breaker's yard, something which had been unearthed from a bombed building.

"The treads of all four tyres displayed a rippling pattern of canvas. There was no spare. Before the steering-wheel could influence the car's direction it had to be spun through half a turn. Gaping sockets showed where all the instruments had been wrenched out of the dashboard. The floor-boards above the engine had been removed, releasing a furnace heat and the rattling vibration of a million nails being shaken in a metal box.

"ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE MODELS IN THE ROOTES GROUP RANGE": This is the Hillman Californian, the twin-coloured hard-top with the wrap-around rear window. It is fitted with the new o.h.v. 1,390-cc. engine.

"Above this pit sat the driver, stabbing like a frantic organist at the control pedals, which in some way had lost their normal independence of each other, since the application of the brake slightly opened the throttle, and the engine had to be switched off, or the accelerator held back, whenever this was necessary.

"Whenever he wanted to blow the horn, the driver, reaching out as if to catch a butterfly, seized two dangling wires and held them together. The body was insecurely fixed to the chassis, but settled down on a straight road to a steady see-sawing motion to which one soon became accustomed, although the sudden opening of the doors as we took corners continued to surprise."

I think motorists will appreciate that delightful piece of prose. To those who have read *Golden Earth* (published by Jonathan Cape), I apologise—if necessary.

JAPANESE VEHICLES ON SHOW IN TOKYO: An 8-ton Diesel tip-truck is displayed at the Japanese Motor Show sponsored by the Japanese Automobile Industry Association. More than 200 manufacturers displayed cars of many descriptions, including midgets, three-wheelers, racing, private and commercial vehicles. The Exhibition was restricted to Japanese-produced vehicles.

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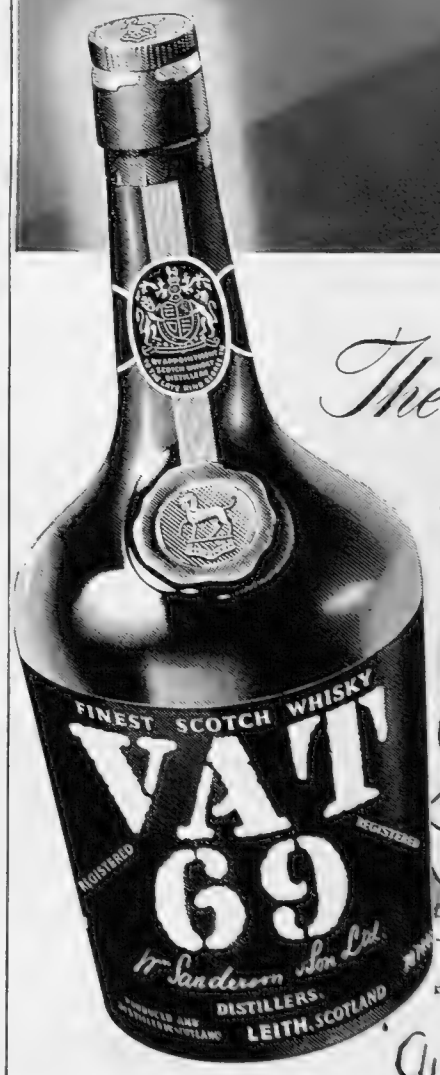

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND ADVENTURE

The Lives and Adventures of Several Men and Women in Different Parts of the World; and a Further Selection of Novels

ELLEN GLASGOW was an important American novelist whose death, ten years ago, deprived contemporary letters of a strongly imaginative talent that no literary tradition can afford to miss. For the ten years before her death she had been writing her autobiography "in great suffering of mind and body," and she left the draft to her literary executors with the message that, though she should live for years, she could not find the strength or the courage to go over these rough pages. THE WOMAN WITHIN (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.) is the fascinating life story of an author—and a distinguished one—whose writing was not the whole of her life; whose birth and tradition belonged to the Southern States, and whose home in Richmond, Virginia, remained her focus for work, as for hospitality, all her life. This is, as the writer knew it to be when she insisted that it should be published after her death, a completely personal document, with the qualification that only a born novelist could have achieved it.

The same might be said of Pearl Buck's autobiography, MY SEVERAL WORLDS (Methuen. 21s.), and it is an obvious benefit to the reader that someone who has written *The Good Earth* and a dozen or more other reputable novels should bring the same talents to the writing of her own reminiscences. Pearl Buck was the daughter of American Presbyterians in China, was born in the United States, but passed her childhood and formative years in the East, where she had a happy and unconventionally educational young life. This book is not the kind that carries either index or chapter headings, but "a personal record" of the writer's experience in China, and later in Russia, India, Japan and, finally, the lovely house in Pennsylvania, in which the present book has been written. Fascinating to all Pearl Buck fans, and thoroughly disconcerting to those English readers who imagine that our country is universally loved.

Mr. Peter de Polnay has given us another writer's autobiography, FOOLS OF CHOICE (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.), which again has the immense advantage of being effectively written, so that one courses through it with pleasure, ease and some emotion. It is a personal saga which, with the pen in another hand, could well have been imbued with melancholy: as it is, Mr. de Polnay's wit and astringent sense of values make it a very special kind of success story—the success lying in a splendid inability to recognise defeat.

The next three books, like Mr. de Polnay's South American adventures, are in the wide sense books of travel. Mr. Laurie Lee, for instance, writes about the Spain he revisited after a fifteen years' absence, in A ROSE FOR THE WINTER (Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d.), and of many facets of Spanish life that might supplement the primness of a guide-book. This book combines easy, unaffected, and therefore extremely gifted writing, with a nice sense of humour and an equally nice sense of the absurd. Seville, Granada, the Alhambra and, of course, bullfights come into the discussion of the country, and the author has transcribed some incidents which show that he takes a far from sentimental view of the Spanish characters.

TAKE AN ISLAND (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.) is Mrs. Anne Spearman's account of a far more adventurous undertaking, an exploit in home-building that should make sand martens, cuckoos, chimney-perching storks and hermit crabs feel like old stay-at-homes. For Mrs. Spearman, British wife of a South American constructional engineer, chose an island in the Orinoco River, reasonably near her husband's work, imported her three boys, had a house built and (more or less) settled down to housekeep in it.

M. Noel Ballif, whose book has been translated from the French by Mr. James Cameron, has written about the pygmies of Central Africa, who were described more than 4,000 years ago by a Pharaoh of the time as the "dancers of God," and who have, among other peculiarities, a complete disinterest in growing crops or raising herds, but live entirely by hunting. DANCERS OF GOD (Sidgwick and Jackson. 15s.) is partly a record of an expedition which M. Ballif made with colleagues to take the material for documentary films on the pygmies, and partly the tale of his own findings in a territory deep in the Congo.

After such exotic fare, THE FLAG IN THE WIND (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) may seem to blow in a cooler breeze, for this is Dr. John MacCormick's story of the national movement in Scotland during the last twenty or thirty years. Dr. MacCormick is Chairman of the Scottish Covenant Association, a national organisation of considerable influence in its own country. He writes with love, conviction and a certain pawkiness, of the articles of this particular faith, and makes a lucid exposition of the case.

THE WINNER OF A FRENCH LITERARY AWARD: M. Emile Pages (left), who has been awarded the Grand Adventure Novel Prize for 1955, for his book *Ricochets*, is seen in conversation with M. Francis Carco, of the Goncourt Academy. M. Carco was the chairman of the jury who chose the winner. The presentation of the prize (which has now been awarded on twenty occasions) was made in one of Paris's Left Bank restaurants, La Rôtisserie Périgourdine.

Of novels this week there is once again, as I expect we are all equally grateful to see, a rich variety in types and settings, and even countries of origin. Mr. Evelyn Waugh's, to begin with, which is a sequel and a completion of his *Men at Arms*, is called OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.), and deals again with that likeable character, Guy Crouchback, and some of the many thousands of vicissitudes that may occur in any sort of war from the Cold to the Total. As a literary work, noticeable; for its dialogue, remarkable; and for its total effect, disconcerting. The wit of the dialogue, however, remains constant.

I judge "a lady novelist" to be a term of opprobrium, for writers must surely stand on their merits in the craft, but there *are* some novelists whose femininity is a positive advantage to them in their finished product, and this applies to the next three novelists under discussion. First, Miss Alice Acland, who, for the best of reasons, writes exactly like a sensitive and intuitive woman, and who has given us A STORMY SPRING (Constable. 12s. 6d.). This is a tale of an Anglo-French marriage, stormy indeed, but very human, and extremely good reading.

Then Mrs. Edward Whalley-Tooker's novel, SON BY ADOPTION (Faber. 12s. 6d.), which was written about seventy years ago and is published now for the first time. This is a real period piece, not written as a *pastiche*, but with the real feeling and the undisguised sentiment of the time. Touching, solidly constructed, and not in the least a parody of manners, but a story that can stand on its own.

And, for the third example, Miss Jane Gillespie's A POT OF BASIL (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.), a story of to-day, with the engaging opening incident of a mother pottering about her bedroom, thinking of her daughters, "about to-night's dinner, about family excitements, and about what claim Edward the Fourth could possibly have had to the English throne." Refreshing, sensible and witty.

Two American and two French novels come next, and of these the first is indisputably Mr. William Faulkner's A FABLE (Chatto and Windus. 15s.), which has won an American prize for literature, and would, in any case, be worthy of the most serious consideration on the author's eminence alone. The time covered by the story is a week in 1918, a mutiny in a French regiment on the Western Front, and its repercussions on a group of people utterly different in their backgrounds, nationalities and natures. Powerful, wordy, emotional and in every way typical of this impressive figure of American letters.

MEDICINE MAN (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.), by Mr. Lenard Kaufman, is a novel about a doctor whose father had devoted himself to his great profession, died almost penniless and left his son with a ruthless ambition to make a reputation, money and more money, through the science (of which I had never heard before) of geriatrics, or the care of old people—in his case, rich old people. Written with more feeling than style, but probably attractive to the perennial likers of books-about-doctors.

PHILIPPINE (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.), by Mlle Danielle Hunebelle, has been translated from the French by Helen Beauclerk, and is one of those unconventional, stimulating and slightly hair-raising novels that young French (female) authors seem to be turning out nowadays with great unconcern and equal skill.

THE FILM OF MEMORY (Rupert Hart-Davis. 10s. 6d.), by the Prix Goncourt winner, M. Maurice Druon, has been translated from the French by the Baroness Moura Budberg, and is sensitive, and ironic in that manner of which only the French, in the whole world, have the secret. I enjoyed this quite enormously.

An historical novel this week is Mr. Louis de Wohl's biblical story, THE SPEAR (Gollancz. 15s.). This author and historian writes of the Roman background to the story of the Crucifixion, and traces the career of the soldier who used the spear on Golgotha.

A GLASTONBURY ROMANCE (Macdonald. 21s.), *one of the greatest novels by John Cowper Powys, which was published in 1933, is reprinted in a new edition, with a Preface by the author.*

W. J. Strachan has chosen and translated a selection of **MODERN ITALIAN STORIES** (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.). *He has also compiled notes on the seventeen authors represented.*

The publication of Sir Arnold Lunn's latest volume, **ZERMATT AND THE VALAIS** (Hollis and Carter. 13s. 6d.) *coincides with the centenary of the first ascent of Monte Rosa, Switzerland's highest peak, by British amateurs and Swiss guides.*

In **ADVENTURES WITH PAPER** (Faber. 8s. 6d.), *A. Van Breda describes in words and pictures the making of models of many shapes from paper. The translation from the Dutch is by W. E. James.*

GANDHI'S SUCCESSOR?

Vinoba Bhave Marches Through India

Who is Vinoba Bhave? It is said that he has brought about a revolution comparable with that achieved by Gandhi. They call him Gandhi's successor, the Saint on the march, a new light upon the plains of India. It is a fact that in three years this sixty-year-old man, ill with dysentery, chronic malaria and a stomach ulcer, has walked 10,000 miles in his campaign to persuade the landlords of India to part with vast tracts of their land for redistribution among the land-hungry people of the sub-continent. Already nearly 4,000,000 acres have been acquired thus, and to some extent they have been thrust upon Vinoba Bhave as greatness has been thrust upon him. In SAINT ON THE MARCH (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.), Hallam Tennyson tells the story of the mounting success of a humble man who goes on foot and is often surprised at the strength of the emotions which he evokes.

In September 1951 Nehru invited him to Delhi to discuss the Government's five-year plan. At journey's end, after 800 miles of tramping, Vinoba had collected 17,000 acres of land for his people, and so it has gone on ever since with increasing momentum until Vinoba's target for his people is one-sixth of all India's cultivable land. Reading Mr. Tennyson's book, it becomes clear that here is a new hero in homespun, this old-young man cowled in white and carrying a torch, his long legs padding rhythmically through the dust, and far off in front of him the first faint streaks of dawn. Thus he travels the roads and paths of India, and it seems he has the gift of raising his countrymen, and his biographer, to dizzy heights of enthusiasm and inspiration. Mr. Tennyson reveals to us that in Vinoba Bhave he has met a man who is self-mastered and utterly given over to God, one in whom "faith and serenity could be felt like a field of electric force." When a writer asks his readers to accept such facts they should be weighed by giver and receiver with equal care. There is no doubt that *Saint on the March* is a work of deep sincerity, and there is no doubt, too, that Vinoba is a man to whom the unbelievable keeps on happening.

It is a rather daunting thought that, young though Australia is, there is none the less a sad lack of documentation to help the general historian. Mr. A. G. L. Shaw, Senior Lecturer in History at the University of Sydney, comments on this lack of past research in the preface to his new book, THE STORY OF AUSTRALIA (Faber. 15s.). However, few readers will be conscious of these historical shortcomings in reading Mr. Shaw's masterly survey, in which he presents the outline of the continent's history from the opening-up of a wilderness to the emergence of the great nation we know to-day. The author contrives to give a picture of Australian life and society, of the country's art, literature and pastimes. Politics, both domestic and imperial, have their place in this survey, and inevitably economic development looms large in this march of a nation to a place of honour in the councils of the world.

Rapidly many of the once-great waterways in Britain are passing into history, but fortunately they have in Charles Hadfield a first-class historian to record their death-throes THE CANALS OF SOUTHERN ENGLAND. (Phœnix House. 36s.) is a most detailed piece of work, in large measure based on unpublished material culled from the records of the old companies. Mr. Hadfield's book is a very real contribution to social history, dealing as it does with the economic development of southern England in the hundred years after 1760. It is also full of local colour and interests, and it will surely offer attractions as a holiday handbook for those who would explore this neglected system of communication and the often little-known valleys through which it makes its way.

Get-away-from-it-all books are a familiar feature of our day and age, a symbol of man's revolt against being channelled from youth to retirement into well-defined ways. David Ensor, a distinguished lawyer, is one man who has escaped the strait-jacket of city life, and in THIRTY ACRES AND A COW (Robert Hale. 15s.) he tells us all about it. It is a grand story, grandly told, with a rich vein of humour. The verdict of this lawyer turned farmer is, "I wouldn't be anything else. You can keep your criminals. I will have my cows."

For the mountaineer C. Douglas Milner has produced another of his admirable books in which his skill as a photographer is so well displayed. MONT BLANC AND THE AIGUILLES (Robert Hale. 30s.) introduces us to a selection of expeditions in this grand region on the roof of Europe, and the author's excellent series of maps will be found most helpful by those who wish to follow him in detail.

For the connoisseur, Reginald G. Haggar's STAFFORDSHIRE CHIMNEY ORNAMENTS (Phœnix House. 42s.) is a handsome new production. It pays tribute to some of the back-street potters of the Five Towns whose work has hitherto remained obscure but is often so infinitely worth while collecting. Mr. Haggar has discovered much about the work and wages of these obscure craftsmen and sets it down in admirable detail.

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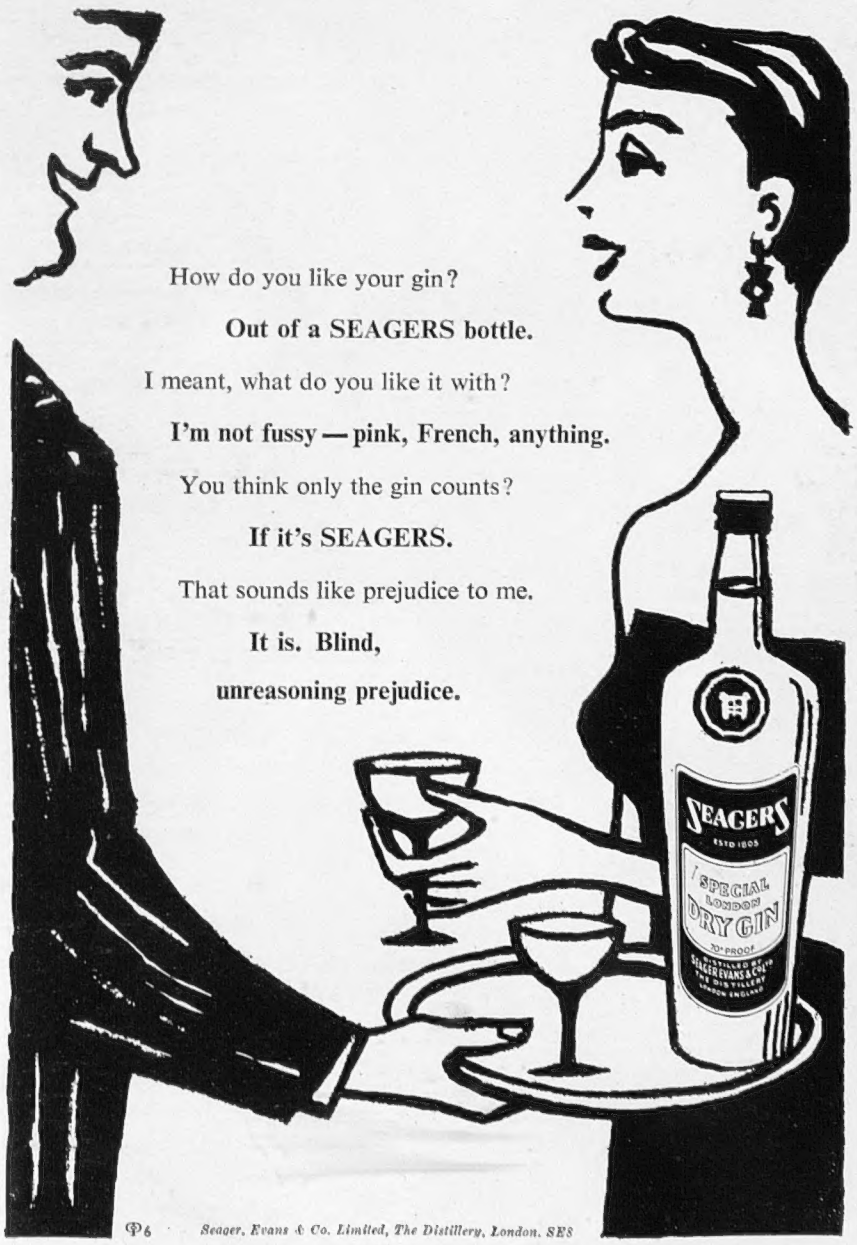

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